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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

IN YEAR KILL 5,500 WHALES AT ANTARCTIC

Discovery Investigations Committee Stresses Tremendous Growth of Industry Along Edge of Ice

SOUTH SHETLAND ISLES INVOLVED

Fear Expressed Fisheries May Receive Irreparable Damage Before Research Can Make Report

THE second report of the Discovery Investigations Committee, just issued in London, deals with the Southern whaling season from January, 1927, to May, 1928 (Stationery Office, price 1s net). The main purpose of the committee is to make a serious attempt to place the whaling industry on a scientific basis. Other objects are to render service to navigation by conducting a hydrographic survey of the whaling areas, to inquire into the resources of the region from the point of view of fisheries, and to add to scientific knowledge of the sea.

"The whaling season 1927-28," says the report, "proved a momentous one for whaling in the Antarctic. Whaling off the South Shetland Islands was more successful than in any previous year. Five thousand five hundred whales were taken, and the yield of oil was over 66,000 tons, an increase in output of 47 per cent on the previous season, itself a season only once surpassed for output in the history of South Shetlands whaling; and the whales were taken by catchers working neither from shore stations nor from mother ships anchored in the shelter of land, but from factory ships operating along the edge of the ice. The increase of catching power must inevitably modify profoundly the future of whaling and the problems attending its regulation.

The Discovery Investigations have made progress in the study of the whale stock and the conditions effecting the distribution and abundance of whales, have incidentally secured records of these conditions before and during the season under review. Rate of growth and reproduction, distribution, and migration, the causes determining natural good and bad seasons, are of the essence of any problem of whaling regulation. The great increase which will occur in the destruction of whales—a destruction sufficient to alarm experienced whalers, whose immediate interest is in an expanded industry—greatly increases the need for a speedy attainment of definitive results in the researches.

"The facts have to be faced that the industry may be irreparably damaged before the greatest diligence in research can furnish complete solutions of all the problems with which they deal, and that measures of a tentative and temporary character may have to be decided upon by the Governments interested in order to avoid a possible collapse."

A Moth light airplane will be used in a whaling expedition which leaves Norway shortly. The Norwegian pilot, Mr. Lief Lier, who assisted in the search for General Nobile at the North Pole, will pilot the machine which will be housed on the Norwegian whaling steamship Kosmos (23,000 tons), which leaves for the Antarctic seas shortly, and which will be the mother ship to eight other whalers. The machine can also be used as a seaplane. Aircraft have been used before in searching for seals off the Canadian coasts and for herring off the Scottish coasts, but it is stated that this is the first occasion on which an airman has been called to scout for whales.

HONORS PLIMSOLL

Bronze Bust to Memory of "Sailors' Friend" Unveiled in Embankment Gardens

A memorial to Samuel Plimsoll, the sailor's friend, in the form of a bronze bust was unveiled on August 21 in the Embankment Gardens, London. Though it is thirty years since Plimsoll died, this is the first memorial that has been erected to him. The Plimsoll line, to be seen on every British ship, is a permanent memorial to the sailor's friend. Down in the London docks a street has been named after him. The memorial was unveiled in the presence of representatives of all branches of the merchant service by Sir Walter Runciman, who was a personal friend of Plimsoll.

In 1868 Plimsoll entered the House of Commons and five years afterwards he published "Our Seamen," an appeal which attracted public attention and led to the passing of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1876. That act empowered the Board of Trade to detain any vessel deemed unsafe, imposed penalties for overloading, and ordered the marking of the Plimsoll line on the sides of ships. Plimsoll continued his work after retiring from Parliament, and in 1894 an act was passed to take the fixing of the loadline out of the discretion of the owner and making it a duty of the Board of Trade.

Cats and Dogs Mustered to Aid Of Commerce

THE cat tribe, which spends most of its time in sleeping, strolling in the sun, and nocturnal choir practice, will undoubtedly view with alarm an advertisement that recently appeared in the newspapers of Manchester. It reads "Cat wanted in city warehouse, 6 p.m. to 9 a.m. each day. Owner to deliver and collect. Five shillings per week and carfare." This was inserted by a firm in the blouse and costume business. Poison having failed to kill off rats, the hereditary enemy of the rodents is being called upon. To cats it will appear as the thin edge of the wedge, the first move in a campaign to enlist them in the ranks of commerce. Their only consolation is that dogs are not escaping. These animals are being hired out in the west end of London to match women's dresses. Large black and white dogs are in great demand to go with the magpie two-piece costumes designed for Ascot, and brindle-colored dogs are very popular, as they go well with country clothes.

SOLDIERS' AID SCHEME FAILS

Australian Judge's Report on Failure of Re-establishment Plans in New South Wales Shows Deficit

LOSS AMOUNTS TO $112,500,000

The anxiously awaited report by Mr Justice Pike, of the Land and Valuation Court of New South Wales, on soldier settlement, has now been published. He assigns the following reasons for the failure of the scheme, which has caused a loss to the States at present amounting to £23,500,000: (1) Lack of capital, (2) want of home area—meaning an area capable of sustaining the settler's family plus £4 a week, (3) unsuitability of the settlers owing to war services and lack of training; (4) decreased value of the primary products.

Mr Justice Pike dismisses the States' claims for compensation from the Commonwealth on the grounds that the States refused the Commonwealth responsibility and control, as originally proposed. He recommends that the gross loss should be borne equally by the Commonwealth and the States. The former has already contributed nearly £10,000,000 of its share. As the result of the revaluations the settlers are expected to make good, and the majority of the States have already taken steps to adjust matters.

WORLD'S FINEST CHIME

Carillon of Forty-Nine Bells for New Zealand Given Test at Newcastle

The famous Wellington carillon, to be the first in New Zealand, and said to be one of the finest in existence was on exhibition in the grounds at the Northeast Coast Exhibition. That is to say, the public was allowed to view through windows the automatic clock and part of the electro-pneumatic mechanism by means of which the bells are played without the aid of a carillonneur. The carillon consists of forty-nine bells, the smallest of which, G sharp, weighs 6 pounds and the largest, also G sharp, 5 tons, the entire set weighing 31½ tons. Each bell has been given by individuals or groups, and has its own inscription, five of the bells having special badges and symbols inscribed on them. The iron frame, weighing thirty-four tons, is constructed eventually to carry fifty-three bells.

ENGLISH SCHOOL AT YPRES GROWS

Institution Educates Seventy-Six Children of British War Graves Staff in Salient

The Ypres British School, which was opened last April in the British settlement west of Ypres Cathedral, is now giving an English education to forty-three boys and thirty-three girls, who are being brought up as British citizens. The pupils are the children of the men engaged in the care and supervision of the British cemeteries in the Salient, and are brought free to the school from the various centres by the Imperial War Graves Commission. The school is in need of funds. A sum of £800 has to be found annually for the payment of the teachers and other expenses, and in the first report of the school Lieutenant-General Sir William Pulteney, the honorary secretary, expresses his conviction that when it is realized what benefit is being conferred the necessary funds will be forthcoming from companies, public bodies, regiments, and individuals, especially those who have relations buried in the cemeteries in the Ypres Salient.

EGGS, BACON AND GASOLINE IN DEMAND

"Petrol" and "Hot-Dog" Stations Do Rushing Business on Suburban Highways in England

HOMEWARD BOUND REVELLERS MEET

White-Hatted Chefs Serve Sunrise Breakfasts to Society Erstwhile "With the Dancers Dancing in Tune"

PRETTY girls in evening dress daintily eating eggs and bacon a few yards away from where their powerful sports cars are being refilled with petrol—this is a scene that can be witnessed nearly every night on the main roads round London.

Petrol-and-egg stations have come to stay. They are the latest development in motoring comfort.

Dancers and other revellers on their way home early in the morning are thus able to find a combined petrol station and coffee-stall where they can "refuel" themselves as well as the car without waste of time by making two separate stops.

While the petrol is being run in from the pump white-hatted chefs turn out appropriate early morning dishes. On fine nights the eggs and bacon is served under awnings in the open.

A petrol-and-egg man on the Kingston by-pass said that most of his "egg" customers came at night or in the morning on their way home from dances.

"The chef is often busier than the mechanic," he admitted. "We have as many different dishes to offer as we have brands of petrol. But most of them prefer one special kind of petrol and one special dish—bacon and eggs.

AN ARTISTIC WONDER

Eleven-Year-Old Girl Holds Eighth Successful Art Exhibition

Peggy Somerville, eleven years old, is holding her annual art exhibition here with fifty-two paintings on the line, including a number of gipsy scenes. Her first exhibition was held eight years ago under the auspices of the Royal Drawing Society. Last year her oil paintings were sold on the first day of the exhibition. Painting comes naturally to Peggy. Her father is Charles Somerville, a landscape and portrait artist, and her four brothers and fourteen-year-old sister also are artists. She is a phenomenally rapid worker.

PRINCE TO OCCUPY SUNNINGDALE FORT

Old Watchtower of "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" Days to Become Royal Residence

It is announced that the Prince of Wales will go into residence at Fort Belvedere, Virginia Water, Berkshire in a few months' time. This old house, which is Crown property, is within easy distance of the Sunningdale golf links, and is about seven miles from Windsor Castle. It is situated within a short distance of the main London to Southampton road, amid forest scenery, on the summit of Shrubbs Hill, within a few minutes' walk of Virginia Water. During the war the Canadian Forestry Corps had its base camp at Smith's lawn in Windsor Great Park, with Sunningdale, on the Great Western, as its railway station.

Fort Belvedere is a triangular battlemented building originally erected in 1750 as a "Belvedere," or lookout by George II., when the army under his second son, the Duke of Cumberland (known to the Highlanders as the butcher, and who in the wars in Flanders surrendered horse, foot and artillery to the French,) which had returned from the Scottish rebellion, was encamped in Windsor Great Park and on Chobham Common. The three original towers were lookouts on which sentries were stationed. The basement was used as a kitchen, the ground floor was the guard room, and the upper floor a library and officers' room. The fort was mounted with thirty-one four-pounder Culloden guns. By command of Queen Victoria, sixteen bronze six-pounder guns, which are supposed to have been used in the Peninsular War, were removed in 1893 from Fort Belvedere to be remounted in their original position on the lower battlements of the Round Tower at Windsor Castle. In 1827, as Fort Belvedere was no longer required for army purposes, George IV converted it into a country retreat.

During Queen Victoria's reign the main building was largely used in the Summer months as a tea house, and Her Majesty and members of her family frequently drove out from Windsor Castle for tea. When the present King came to the Throne he took considerable interest in this historic fort, which had begun to fall into decay, and His Majesty enlarged and improved the old building at considerable personal expense to make it a residence.

Scouts at Recent Jamboree

This Group of Boy Scouts, in England for the "Jamboree," Are From Palestine and Are Shown as They Watched the Guards Outside of Buckingham Palace, London.

Enormous holiday crowds visited the Boy Scout Jamboree camp during its progress at Arrowe Park, near Birkenhead. The conditions underfoot must have been known to many of them in advance, but few can have imagined what they were really to experience, the correspondent of The Times (London) wrote concerning a trip to the camp. In all the rain that had fallen during the week there never had been a light shower. Every fall had been a drenching downpour. For the whole of the time, moreover, 50,000 persons had been living in the camp and walking about its roads and grassy spaces. Motor cars traveled here and there, and motor lorries carried stores and gear from point to point. All this movement on the sodden surface churned it into mud of the thickest and stickiest variety. Conditions in this place of peace were far too much like those of war time.

Many of the Scouts, whose cheerfulness in the difficult circumstances was exemplary, abandoned shoes and stockings and splashed about in the mire barefoot. Others spent a prodigious amount of their leisure in cleaning boots. Parts of the main roads where traffic was heaviest became practically impassable. There the mud was thin and watery and deep. Yet, in spite of the adverse circumstances, the life of the camp went forward on its well-ordered way. Encampments were tidy, fires were lit and food cooked, the programme of entertainments suffering little interruption.

Australia Hears St. Paul's Chiming Hour in London

FOLLOWING recent unofficial tests a telephone conversation between London and Sydney, N.S.W., has been successfully carried out. Listeners in Sydney at 5 p.m. clearly heard St Paul's Cathedral chiming 8 a.m., 11,600 miles away, following which F. W. Tonkin, editor, Sydney Daily Telegraph Pictorial, talked with Guy Innes, London manager, Australian Newspapers Cable Service.

The voices were heard more clearly than is often the case with local calls and the test, which was operated through the Rugby Baldock long wave stations, forecasts the early establishment of commercial service.

SCOTLAND YARD TACKLES MYSTERY

Temporary Check Calls for Additional Effort on Part of C.I.D.

With the close of the inquest proceedings, any further developments in the Surrey triple poisoning case will depend on police investigations, which will be continued. For the time being the deaths of Edmund C Duff, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Violet Sidney and his sister-in-law, Miss Vera Sidney, will remain unavenged by the law.

Inquiries of a wide nature have been made under the personal supervision of Superintendent Brown, one of the "Big Five" at Scotland Yard, with the assistance of Divisional-Detective-Inspector Hedges.

There are still numerous inquiries to be made, and whether the greatest poisoning mystery of modern times will ever be cleared up is at the moment a matter of speculation. It must be remembered, however, that Scotland Yard never drops a murder investigation.

UR OF THE CHALDEES

London Paper Stresses Recent Delving Into Past of Nearly 5,000 Years Ago

"Ur of the Chaldees is no longer a mere name in the Book of Genesis," says The Morning Post, "known for one brief moment as the birthplace of Abraham, and then swallowed in oblivion. On the contrary, its streets and squares, its inner and holy city, its temenos and ziggurat, are all laid bare, its records have so far been deciphered that Mr. Gadd is able to trace its history in a summary way, but with flashes of intimate detail, for the space of 2,500 years—from before the First Dynasty of Ur (nearly 5,000 years ago)—'reckoned only the third among the dynasties that arose after the Flood'—down to the time of Cyrus, and the last recorded date, 440 B.C."

GUEST HONORS HOSTS' VANITY

Ambassador Dawes Tells Banqueters "Our Whole Situation Was Saved by British Government"

"GOOD RELATIONS" ALWAYS EXISTED

Charles G Dawes, United States Ambassador, sat with 200 other guests at the hospitable board of the famous old Vintners' Hall, at the luncheon of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, but abstained from drinking any of the wines and liquors served up for the occasion.

Unconventionally clad in a grey tropical-weight suit, the United States Ambassador, Charles G Dawes, recently awakened the echoes of Vintners' Hall, London, with a characteristically energetic speech, interspersed with his dry wit and humor. He said there was too much talk about improving good relations between Great Britain and the United States. Good relations were there already, he declared, and what was needed was to get people to recognize this fact.

"I do not know what the repercussions of this speech will be," he said, "and as a business man I am going to take a chance on the repercussions. I want to get these great peoples in touch, not to help them to be friendly, but to prove they are friendly."

"During the war," he said, "I got to know the English better than a lifetime could have taught me. Our whole situation was saved by the self-sacrificing generosity of the British Government and the British Army."

The Ambassador took part in the ancient ceremony of passing the loving cup around the circle of guests. A large cup was handed to Lord Derby, who presided. He toasted the Ambassador with due ceremony and passed the cup to General Dawes, who raised it and then passed it along.

STAMP APHORISMS

Some Wise Cracks Made by Sir Josiah Stamp at a School "Speech Day"

"Ignorance exists when you don't know that you don't know things."

"People who have the hardest time are the people who take things easy."

"The way in which people are relying on others and are expecting others to do things for them is becoming one of the biggest problems of social life."

"Learn to be independent, stand on your own feet, bear and carry responsibility with courage."—Sir Josiah Stamp at a school speech day.

OCTOPI HAVE FIERCE FIGHT AT BRIGHTON

Two Huge Devilfish in Tank at Aquarium Stage Fight to Finish Despite Use of "Smoke Screen"

VISITORS WITNESS UNIQUE INCIDENT

Hostilities Cease With Victor Left in Possession of "Arm" Torn From Body of Other Combatant

VISITORS to Brighton Aquarium one afternoon recently were able to witness one of those dramatic episodes that must be of frequent occurrence in the submarine world, but of which few people can have any real knowledge.

Six cuttlefish (octopods, or "devil fish" as they are commonly known), captured some twenty miles off Brighton, had been released into one of the Aquarium's tanks. It soon became apparent that trouble was brewing, for the two largest octopods were slowly approaching one another, watching every movement with balefully glaring eyes. Suddenly, like an irridescent flash, one of them darted forward, but its opponent was prepared for the onslaught, and at the same moment projected a dense sepia-colored "smoke-screen," emitted from its "ink bag," behind which he eluded the aggressor.

Then began a period in which the two creatures slowly stalked one another around the fringe of the "smoke screen," until, as with one mind, they rushed together in deadly embrace. There now ensued a fight for supremacy, in which little could be seen but wildly waving tentacles.

The next phase was less exciting, as with interlocked "arms" they wrestled in approved catch-as-catch can style. There was one tense moment when the pair were rolling over and over in mid-water, and suddenly one broke away, leaving an "arm" in possession of his opponent. Hostilities now ceased, and the remaining octopods, aloof during the contest, appeared to be acclaiming the victor by waving their "arms" while circling slowly around him.

TWO BIG FAMILIES

Twenty-Three Children Each Reported as Record of Maternal Duet

During a case at Tonbridge police court it was mentioned that the complainant, Mrs. Emily Lucas, wife of a traction engine man, of Baltic Road, Tonbridge, had brought up a family of twenty-three children. Her last child was born about a year ago. Another Tonbridge woman, Mrs. Goldsmith, of Hadlow Road, also has twenty-three children.

OCEAN LINES SEEK IRISH TERMINAL

New Sea Route Between Europe and America Wants Port in Ireland

With a view to establishing the shortest possible sea route between Europe and America, the principal transatlantic shipping concerns have decided to institute a terminal port in the Irish Free State.

As a consequence the harbors of Cork and Galway are being visited by United States and Continental engineering experts and financiers, who are investigating the potentialities and relative merits of both ports, with the object of launching development schemes on a scale to induce even the largest ocean-going liners, which at present do not touch Irish shores, to call at a Free State port and land passengers en route for the Continent.

It is proposed to provide an air service to convey passengers across Ireland to England and the continental centres.

WILD BIRDS RETURN

Royal Parks of London Visited by Large Numbers of Feathered Life

Bird sanctuaries, established during the last seven years, have induced large numbers of birds which were tending to disappear from the London area, to nest once more in the royal parks. In Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, situated in the heart of an enormous urban area, and frequented daily by a large number of people, no fewer than seventeen species of wild birds now nest there. Though seldom or never seen there for years, the following are now residents or regular visitors. Wood pigeon, mallard, moorhen, great-crested grebe, goldfinch, greenfinch, tufted duck, pochard, common gull, spotted flycatcher, wood warbler, goosander, smew, scoter, scaup duck and redwing.

Railroad Pass Looks Good to a Retired Employee

WHAT is believed to be the world's smallest pension is collected in Guildford, in Surrey, not far from London, weekly by Charles Pearce, aged seventy-two, a retired railway employee. A veteran of forty years' service, he draws six cents a week. He explains that the company originally paid him $2.46 a week. Later he qualified for a Government old age pension of $2.40, whereupon his railroad pension was reduced by that amount.

It is not the amount that leads him to collect his due but the fact that so long as he collects it he remains on the company's books. And while on the books he is entitled to one free pass a year, with the privilege of quarter-fare tickets for his family.

Hotel for Laborers

A well-equipped hotel exclusively for laborers has been opened on the Liverpool docks by Tom Merry, "the dockside poet." The hotel has 350 rooms and guests pay one shilling a night for a room, or a pound a week for full accommodations, including meals. The cooking staff consists of chefs who have served on ocean liners. Baths are a penny each. Tom Merry chalks a daily poem on the bulletin board of the hotel.

24,000 MEALS SERVED DAILY

For Family of 8,000 Children Permanently in Home Dr. Barnardo's Organization Asks Donations

400,000 HALF-CROWNS WANTED

Once again Dr Barnardo's Homes, which support the largest family in the world, are appealing for their Food Fund. This is the holiday season of the year, but there can be no holiday for the Food Bill where this great family is concerned. Last year 19,063 children and young people were dealt with by the Homes, and 1,673 were permanently admitted, which means that till they are able to earn their own living (an average age of about ten years) they must be cared for, fed, clothed, taught and trained.

To meet the Food Bill during the lean months of the year 400,000 half-crowns are asked for as birthday gifts in memory of the founder, Dr Barnardo, and to celebrate the sixty-third anniversary and Founder's Day. Every day 24,000 meals have to be provided for this great family, which equals a town in size. Sixteen thousand loaves are baked daily by lads at the Boys' Garden City bakehouse, but this large number supplies only about half of the family.

There are always about 8,000 children in these national Homes.

Cheques and orders may be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, and addressed to "Dr Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," 18-26 Stepney Causeway, London, E. I.

CLOCK SETS RECORD

Timepiece of Elizabethan Days Ticked Off Seconds for 332 Years Without Break

Presented by Queen Elizabeth to Castle Rushen, Isle of Man, in 1597, a clock has stopped for the first time in 332 years. The clock has only one hand. The hours are struck on a bell given by the Earl of Derby in 1729.

WALES' RIGHT TO CAPITAL CITY

Lord Mayor of Cardiff Revives Question of Principality's Ancient Claim to Fair Treatment

London, Edinburgh, Dublin and Belfast are capital cities of England, Scotland, the Irish Free State and Northern Ireland respectively. But what of Wales?

"At the beginning of last month the Lord Mayor of Cardiff raised again the question of a national capital for Wales," says The Welsh Outlook. "The suggestion that we should come to an agreement on this point was made in a speech of rare tact addressed to the courts of governors of two of our most important national institutes. It seems to have attracted far less attention than it deserves.

"Things would have been different had the Lord Mayor chosen to canvass the claims of his own city. It would have been easy thus to have aroused the smouldering fires of controversy and to have started a new battle on old ground. But he preferred a new angle of approach, and indicated a new basis for discussion. His outlook was national rather than parochial, and the city councillor was lost to view in the national statesman."

TRADER HORN RESTS AWHILE AT HASTINGS

Octogenarian Wanderer and Writer Takes Up Residence at English Channel Resort After Long Travel

OVER 80 BUT HOPES TO "DO" ABYSSINIA

Plans One More Expedition to Africa, Where for Many Years He "Traded" and "Philosophized"

HUNTER, explorer, and wandering philosopher, Alfred Aloysius Horn has settled, broad-brimmed hat and all, at Hastings. He went there for a few days, and has already stayed nine weeks.

But he hopes to make another journey to Africa, and "do" Abyssinia, although he is over eighty.

A wonderful old man, this hunter and wanderer, who has viewed his life from every angle. He has been round the world four times, and has been out of England almost ever since he was a boy.

Everything about him spells romance, and a strange personality goes with the wide-brimmed hat, which he wears all day, indoors and out.

"I like it because of the Summer heat," he explained. "This is the country of baldness. They begin early, for the simple reason that they wear those padded caps. When I first came here they used to laugh at me; they thought I was a bit of a guy." He laughed, and stroked his long, silky beard.

He has already many friends among the fishermen. "You can get some common sense out of them," he said. "I wouldn't go to the best hotel to get common sense. We spin yarns together. I'm a great yarn-spinner. Anything in the shape of humanity that lives on the water can always spin a good yarn."

He likes amusing the kiddies, too, and he often goes down to the day-nursery on the beach. "If you ask them questions, you'll find they're very clever," he said.

AIR MAIL FAILURE

The Indian air mail, though extremely regular, is generally considered to be a business failure since the average mail load is only a quarter of a ton, says a London dispatch. In addition to this, firms appear to be unaware of the advantages afforded by use of the mail.

INTEGRITY OF SUEZ CANAL ESSENTIAL

United States' Interest in Panama Zone Paralleled by Britain's Responsibility in Egypt

To what extent critics are swayed by the spokesman of Egyptian independence, it is impossible to say, states the London correspondent of The New York Herald. They rely upon the supposed right of 13,000,000 Egyptians to independence and self-government. But what are British Ministers—be they from the Labor party or the Tory party—to reply to this claim, in view of the necessity of the Suez Canal to the continued existence of the British Empire? While there may be dissenters numbering even into the millions, there are some 500,000,000 people who live peacefully and happily under the Union Jack. It is the first duty of a British statesman to preserve the British Empire. And obviously, to their minds at least, the theoretical right of 13,000,000 Egyptians to govern themselves is no better than the right of 500,000,000 British subjects to preserve intact a vital line of communication. The United States of America found a way to preserve the integrity of the Panama Canal zone.

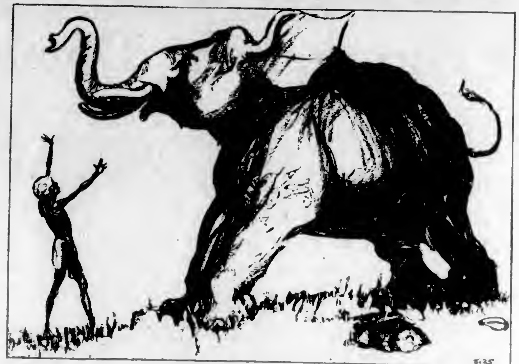
TEACHING HISTORY

Suggestion That Present Method Be Reversed and Study Proceed From Present Date

We heartily agree with a lecturer at the City of London Vacation Course, who insisted that history should be taught "backwards"—beginning with the present day and proceeding to "the olden times," says The Daily Mirror. "Those olden times—including William the Conqueror—will probably never be reached in the slow process of half-education. But William can wait. What is absurd is the system that teaches about 1066 and leaves 1929 a blank, so that the present political system is not understood. No doubt the historians will answer that it cannot be understood unless you go back to its origins. He follows the biologist in seeking embryo and germ. But life—or the educational period—is short; therefore, let us isolate 'things as they are.' Roughly, it can be done. We shall meet Napoleon, first as an exile in St. Helena. We shall take leave of him as a Corsican infant—if we get so far."

The Elephant Remembers

By
EDISON MARSHALL



For an Instant Elephant and Man Stood Front to Front

AN elephant is old on the day he is born, say the natives of Burma, and no white man is ever quite sure what they mean. Perhaps they refer to his pink, old gentleman's skin and his droll, fumbling old-man voice. And maybe they mean he is born with a wisdom such as usually belongs only to age. And it is true that if any animal in the world has had a chance to acquire knowledge it is the elephant, for his breed are the oldest residents of this old world.

Far in a remote section of British India, in a strange, wild province called Burma, Mustagh was born. And although he was born in captivity, the property of a mahout, in his first hour he heard the far-off call of the wild elephants in the jungle.

Of all the places in the great world, only a few remain wherein a captive elephant hears the call of his wild brethren at birth. Mustagh's birthplace lies around the corner of the Bay of Bengal, not far from the watershed of the Irawadi, almost north of Java. It is strange and wild and dark beyond the power of words to tell. There are great forests, unknown, slow-moving rivers and jungles silent and dark and impenetrable.

Little Muztagh weighed a flat two hundred pounds at birth. But this was not the queerest thing about him. Elephant babies, although usually weighing not more than one hundred and eighty, often touch two hundred. The queerest thing was a peculiarity that probably was completely overlooked by his mother. It was not definitely discovered until the mahout came out of his hut with a lighted fagot for a first inspection.

He had been wakened by the sound of the mother's cry. "Hai!" he had exclaimed to his wife "Who has ever heard a cow bawl so? The little one that tomorrow you will see beneath her must weigh more than you!"

Well-Rounded Women

THIS was rather a compliment to his plump wife. She was not offended at all. Burman women love to be well-rounded But the mahout was not weighing the effect of his words He was busy lighting his firebrand, and his features seemed sharp and intent when the beams came out. Rather he was already weighing the profits of little Mustagh He was an elephant-catcher by trade, in the employ of the great white Dugan Sahib, and the cow that was at this moment bringing a son into the world was his own property. If the baby should be of the Kumiria—

The mahout knew elephants from head to tail, and he was very well acquainted with the three grades that compose that breed The least valuable of all are the Mierga—a light, small-headed, thin-skinned, weak-trunked and unintelligent variety that are often found in the best elephant herds They are often born of the most noble parents, and they are as big a problem to elephant men as razorbacks to hog-breeders. Then there is a second variety, the Dwasala, that compose the great bulk of the herd—a good, substantial, strong, intelligent grade of elephant. But the Kumiria is the best of all, and when one is born in a captive herd it is a time for rejoicing He is the perfect elephant—heavy, symmetrical, trustworthy and fearless—fitted for the pageantry of kings.

He hurried out to the lines, for now he knew that the baby was born. The mother's cries had ceased. The jungle, dark and savage beyond ever the power of man to tame, lay just beyond He could feel its heavy air, its smells; its silence was an essence. And as he stood, lifting the fagot high, he heard the wild elephants trumpeting from the hills

Intensely Superstitious

HE turned his head in amazement. A Burman, and particularly one who chases the wild elephants in their jungles, is intensely superstitious, and for an instant it seemed to him that the wild trumpeting must have some secret meaning, it was so loud and triumphant and prolonged.

"Are you saluting this little one?" he cried. "He is not a wild tusker like you. He is not a wild pig of the jungle. He is born in bonds, such as you will wear, too, after the next drive!"

They trumpeled again, as if in scorn of his words. Their great strength was given them to rule the jungle, not to haul logs and pull chains. The man turned back to the lines and lifted higher his light.

Yes—the little elephant in the light-glow was of the Kumiria. Never had there been a more perfect calf The light of green sprang again in his eyes. And as he held the fagot nearer so that the beams played in the elephant's eyes and on his coat, the mahout sat down and was still, lest the gods observe his good luck and, being jealous, turn it into evil.

The coat was not pinky dark, as is usual in baby elephants. It was distinctly light-colored—only a few degrees darker than white

The man understood at once. In the elephants, as well as in all other breeds, an albino is sometimes born. Such creatures are bought at fabulous prices by the Malay and Siamese princes, to whom a white elephant is the greatest treasure that a king can possess.

Mustagh was a long way from being an albino, yet a tendency in that direction had bleached his hide. And the man knew that on the morrow Dugan Sahib would pay him a lifetime's earnings for the little wobbly calf, whose welcome had been the wild cries of the tuskers in the jungle.

White Mountain

LITTLE Mustagh (which means White Mountain in an ancient tongue) did not enjoy his babyhood at all. He was born with the memory of jungle kingdoms, and the life in the elephant lines almost killed him with dullness.

Mostly his mother was kept chained in the lines, and every day Langur Dass, the low-caste hillman in Dugan's employ, grubbed grass for her in the valleys. All night long, except the regular four hours of sleep, he would hear her grumble and rumble and mutter discontent that her little son shared with her.

"Oh, little restless one," Langur Dass would say, "thou and that old cow thy mother and I have one heart between us. We know the burning—we understand, we three."

It was true that Langur Dass understood more of the ways of the forest people than any other hillman in the encampment. But his caste was low, and he was drunken and careless and lazy beyond words, and the hunters had mostly only scorn for him. They called him Langur after a grey-bearded breed of monkeys along the slopes of the Himalayas, rather suspecting he was cursed with evil spirits, for why should any sane man have such mad ideas as to the rights of elephants? He never wanted to join in the drives—which was a strange thing indeed for a man raised in the hills. Perhaps he was afraid—but yet they could remember a certain day in the bamboo thickets, when a great, wild buffalo had charged their camp and Langur Dass acted as if fear were something he had never heard of and knew nothing whatever about.

One day they asked him about it. "Tell us, Langur Dass," they asked, mocking the ragged, dejected-looking creature, "if thy name speaks truth, thou art brother to many monkey-folk, and who knows the jungle better than thou or they? None but the monkey-folk and thou canst talk with my lord the elephant. Hai! We have seen thee do it, Langur Dass. How is it that when we go hunting, thou art afraid to come?"

Of the Jungle

LANGUR looked at them out of his dull eyes, and evaded their question just as long as he could. "Have you forgotten the tales you heard on your mothers' breasts?" he asked at last. "Elephants are cooking-pots and thatch! How should such folk as ye are understand?"

This was flat heresy from their viewpoint. There is an old legend among the elephant-catchers to the effect that at one time men were subject to the elephants.

But Muztagh being only a beast, did not know anything about the caste and prejudices of the men he saw, but he did know that one of them, the low-caste Langur Dass, ragged and dirty and despised, wakened a responsive chord in his lonely heart.

They would have long talks together, that is, Langur would talk and Mustagh would mumble. "Little calf, little fat one," the men would say, "can great rocks stop a tree from growing? Shall iron shackles stop a prince from being king? Mustagh—jewel among jewels! Thy heart speaks through those sleepless eyes of thine! Have patience—what thou knowest, who shall take away from thee?"

And Muztagh answered in his own way, without sound or emphasis, but giving his love to Langur Dass, a love as large as the big elephant heart from which it had sprung No other man could even win his friendship. The smell of the jungle was on Langur Dass. The mahouts and hunters smelt more or less of civilization and were convinced for their part that the disposition of the little light-colored elephant was beyond redemption.

Muztagh Escapes

WHEN Mustagh was nine, his mother was sold to an elephant-breeder from a distant province Little Muztagh saw her march away between two tuskers—down the long elephant trail into the valley and the shadow

"Watch the little one closely tonight," Dugan Sahib said to his mahout. So when they had led him back and forth along the lines, they saw that the ends of his ropes were pegged down tightly. They were horsehair ropes, far beyond the strength of any normal nine-year-old elephant to break Then they went to the huts and to their women and left him to shift restlessly from foot to foot, to think

Probably he would have been satisfied with thinking, for Mustagh did not know his strength, and thought he was securely tied The incident that upset the mahout's plans was simply that the wild elephants trumpeted again from the hills.

Mustagh heard the sound, long drawn and strange from the silence of the jungle He grew motionless. The great ears pricked forward, the whipping tail stood still. It was a call never to be denied. The blood was leaping in his great veins.

He suddenly rocked forward with all his strength. The rope spun tight, hummed, and snapped—very softly indeed Then he padded in silence out among the huts, and nobody who had not seen him do it would believe how silently an elephant can move when he sees fit.

There was no thick jungle here—just soft grass, huts, approaching dark fringe that was the jungle. None of the mahouts was awake to see him. No voice called him back. The grass gave way to bamboo thickets, the smell of the huts to the wild, bewitching perfumes of the jungle.

Cordial Reception

MUZTAGH'S reception was cordial from the very first The great bulls of the herd stood still and lifted their ears when they heard him grunting up the hill. But he slipped among them and was forgotten at once. They had no dealings with the princes of Malay and Siam, and his light-colored coat meant nothing to them.

It was a compact, medium-sized herd—vast males, mothers, old-maid elephants, long-legged and ungainly, young males just learning their strength and proud of it beyond words, and many calves. They ranged all the way in size from the great leader, who stood ten feet and weighed nearly nine thousand pounds, to little two-hundred-and fifty-pound babies that had been born that season. And before long the entire herd began its cautious advance into the deeper hills.

The first night in the jungle—and Mustagh found it wonderful past all dreams. The mist on his skin was the same cool joy he had expected. There were sounds, too, that set his great muscles aquiver He heard the sound that the bamboos make—the little click-click of the stems in the wind—the soft rustle and stir of many leafy tendrils entwining and touching together, and the whisper of the wind over the jungle grass. And he knew, because it was his heritage, what every single one of these sounds meant.

The Dark Jungle

THE herd threaded through the dark jungle, and now they descended into a cool river. A herd of deer—either the dark sambur or black buck—sprang from the misty shore-line and leaped away into the bamboos. Farther down, he could hear the grunt of buffalo.

But the smells were the book that he read best, he understood them even better than the sounds of green things growing. Flowers that he could not see hung like bells from the arching branches. Every fern and every seeding grass had its own scent that told sweet tales. The very mud that his four feet sank into emitted scent that told the history of jungle-life from the world's beginnings. When dawn burst over the eastern hills, he was weary in every muscle of his young body, but much too happy to admit it.

This day was just the first of three thousand joys. The jungle, old as the world itself, is ever new. Not even the wisest elephant who, after all, is king of the jungle, knows what will turn up at the next bend in the elephant trail. It may be a native woodcutter, whose long hair is stirred with fright. It may easily be one of the great breed of bears, large as the American grizzly, that some naturalists believe are to be found in the Siamese and Burman jungles. It may be a herd of wild buffalo, always looking for a fight, or simply some absurd armadillo-like thing, to make him shake his vast sides with mirth.

Vast Strength

AND Mustagh's strength grew upon him until it became too vast a thing to measure or control.

Whether or not he kept with the herd was by now a matter of supreme indifference to him. He no longer needed its protection. Except for the men who came with the ropes and guns and shoutings, there was nothing in the jungle for him to fear. He was twenty years old, and he stood nearly eleven feet to the top of his shoulders. He would have broken any scales in the Indian Empire that tried to weigh him.

But India is too thickly populated by human beings for a wild elephant to escape observation entirely. Many natives had caught sight of him, and at last the tales reached a little circle of trackers and hunters in camp on a distant range of hills. They did not work for Dugan Sahib, for Dugan Sahib was dead long since. They were a determined little group, and one night they sat and talked softly over the fire

"You will go, Khusru," said the leader, "for there are none here half so skilled with horse-hair rope as you If you do not come back within twelve months, we shall know you have failed."

Of course all of them knew what he meant. If a man failed in the effort to capture a wild elephant by the hair-rope method, he very rarely lived to tell of it.

"In that case," Ahmad Din went on, "there will be a great drive after the monsoon of next year Picked men will be chosen. No detail will be overlooked It will cost more, but it will be sure And our purses will be fat from the selling-price of this king of elephants with a white coat."

Followed Mustagh

THERE is no need to follow Khusru on his long pursuit through the elephant trails. He was an able hunter and, after the manner of the elephant trackers, the seared little man followed Mustagh through jungle and river, over hill and into dale for countless days, and at last, as Mustagh slept, he crept up within a half dozen feet of him. He intended to loop a horsehair rope about his great feet—one of the oldest and most hazardous methods of elephant-catching But Mustagh wakened just in time.

And then a curious thing happened. The natives could never entirely believe it, and it was one of his best stories to the day he died Any other wild tusker would have charged in furious wrath, and there would have been a quick and certain death beneath his great knees. Mustagh started out as if he had intended to charge. He lifted his trunk out of the way—the elephant trunk is for a thousand uses, but fighting is not one of them—and sprang forward. He went just two paces. Then his little eyes caught sight of the brown figure fleeing through the bamboos. And at once the elephant drew to a sliding halt.

He did not know why. He was perfectly aware that this man was an enemy, jealous of his most-loved liberty. He knew perfectly it was the man's intention to put him back into his bonds. He did not feel fear, either—because an elephant's anger is too tremendous an emotion to leave room for any other impulse such as fear It seemed to him that memories came thronging from long ago, so real and insistent that he could not think of charging.

He remembered his days in the elephant lines. These brown creatures had been his masters then. They had cut his grass for him in the jungle and brought him bundles of sugar-cane. The hill people say that the elephant memory is the greatest single marvel in the jungle, and it was that memory that saved Khusru then. It wasn't deliberate gratitude for the grass-cutting of long ago. It wasn't any particular emotion that he could reach out his trunk and touch. It was simply an impulse—another one of the thousand mysteries that envelope, like a cloud, the mental processes of these largest of forest creatures.

Apart From Herd

THESE were the days when he lived apart from the herd. He did it from choice. He liked the silence, the solitary mud-baths, the constant watchfulness against danger.

He loved the rains that flashed through the jungles, the swift-climbing dawns in the east, the strange, tense, breathless nights. And at midnight he loved to trumpet to the herd on some far-away hill, and hear, fainter than the death-cry of a beetle, its answer come back to him. At twenty-five he had reached full maturity, and no more magnificent specimen of the elephant could be found in all of British India. At last he had begun to learn his strength.

All at once he remembered the herd and the fights of his calfhood. All at once he knew that his craft and strength and power were beyond that of any elephant in all the jungle. Who was the great, arrogant herd-leader to stand against him? What yellow tusks were to meet his and come away unbroken?

His little eyes grew ever more red as he stood rocking back and forth, his trunk lifted to catch the sounds and smells of the distant jungle. Why should he abide alone, when he could be the ruler of the herd and the jungle king? Then he grunted softly and started away down the river. Far away, beyond the mountains and rivers and the villages of the hillfolk, the herd of his youth roamed in joyous freedom. He would find them and assert his mastery.

The night fire of a little band of elephant-catchers burned fitfully at the edge of the jungle. They were silent men, for they had lived long on the elephant trails. They smoked their cheroots, and waited for Ahmad Din to speak.

"You have all heard?" he asked at last

The Most Despised

ALL but one of them nodded. Of course this did not count the most despised one of them all—old Langur Dass—who sat at the very edge of the shadow. His long hair was grey, and his youth had gone where the sun goes at evening They scarcely addressed a word to him or he to them. True, he knew the elephants, but was he not possessed of evil spirits?

"Khusru has failed to catch White-Skin, but he has lived to tell many lies about it. He comes tonight."

It was noticeable that Langur Dass, at the edge of the circle, pricked up his ears

"Do you mean the white elephant of which the Manipur people tell so many lies?" he asked "Do you, skilled catchers that you are, believe that such an elephant is still wild in the jungle?"

Ahmad Din scowled. "The Manipur people tell of him, but for once they tell the truth," was the reply "He is the greatest elephant, the richest prize, in all of Burma. Too many people have seen him to doubt it. I add my word to theirs, thou son of immortality."

Langur Dass' face lit suddenly "Then it could be none but Mustagh, escaped from Dugan Sahib fifteen years ago. That calf was also white. He was also overgrown for his years."

One of the trackers suddenly gasped. "Then that is why he spared Khusru!" he cried "He remembered men"

The others nodded gravely. "They never forget," said Langur Dass.

"Tomorrow we will break camp. There can be no mistake this time. There must be no points overlooked. The chase will cost much, but it will return a hundredfold. Khusru says that at last the white has started back toward his herd, so that all can be taken in the same keddah. And the white sahib that holds the licence is not to know that White-Coat is in the herd at all."

The circle nodded again, and contracted toward the speaker.

"We will hire beaters and drivers, the best that can be found. Tomorrow we will take the elephants and go."

"I have gone hungry many days," Langur Dass said. "If the drive is on, perhaps you will give your servant a place among the beaters"

The circle turned and stared at him It was one of the stories of Langur Dass that he never partook in the elephant hunts. Evidently poor living had broken his resolution.

Have His Wish

"YOU shall have your wish, if you know how to keep a closed mouth." Armad Din replied "There are other hunting parties in the hills."

Langur nodded. He was very adept indeed at keeping a closed mouth. It is one of the first lessons of the jungle.

For another long hour they sat and perfected their plans. Then they lay down by the fire together and sleep dropped over them one by one At last Langur Dass was left alone with his thoughts. Soon he got up and stole out into the velvet darkness. The mists were over the hills as always.

"Have I followed the tales of your greatness all these years for this?" he muttered "It is right for pigs with the hearts of pigs to break their backs in labor But you, my Mustagh! Jewel among elephants! King of the jungle! Thou art of the true breed! Moreover, I am minded that thy heart and mine are one!

"Am I to desert my brother in his hour of need? Am I to see these brown pigs put chains around him in the moment of his power? A king, falling to the place of a slave Mustagh, we will see what can be done. Mustagh, my king, my pearl, my pink baby, for whom I dug grass in the long ago. Thy Langur Dass is old, and his whole strength is not that of thy trunk, and men look at him as a worm in the grass. But hai! Perhaps thou wilt find him an ally not to be despised."

A Patriarch's Challenge

THE night had just fallen, moist and heavy over the jungle, when Mustagh caught up with his herd. He found them in an open grassy glade, encircled by hills, and they were all waiting, silent, as he sped down the hills toward them. They had heard him coming a long way.

The old bull that led the herd, seventy years of age and at the pride of his wisdom and strength, scarred, yellow-tusked and noble past any elephant patriarch in the jungle, curled up his trunk when he saw him come. He knew very well what would happen. And because no one knows better than the jungle people what a good thing it is to take the offensive in all battles, and because it was fitting his place and dignity, he uttered the challenge himself.

The herd stood like heroic figures in stone for a long moment—until Mustagh had replied to the challenge.

Then the herd began to shift. The cows drew back with their calves, the bulls surged forward, and slowly they made a hollow ring, not greatly different from the pugilistic ring known to fight fans. The calves began to squeal. Very slowly and grandly, with infinite dignity, Mustagh stamped into the circle. His tusks gleamed, his eyes glowed red And those appraising old bulls in the ring knew that such an elephant had not been born since the time of their grandfathers. And knowing this, they threw their trunks in the air till they touched their foreheads and blared their full-voiced salute

Crashing Sound

THEY gave it the same instant—as musicians strike the same note at their leader's signal. It was a perfect explosion of sound, a terrible blast that crashed out through the jungles and wakened every sleeping thing.

The grand old leader stamped in the circle, seeming unconscious of the eyes upon him, battle scarred and old. Even if this fight were his last, he meant to preserve his dignity.

Again the salute sounded—shattering out like a thunderclap over the jungle. Then challenger and challenged closed.

The two bulls were quite evenly matched. The patriarch knew more of fighting had learned more wiles, but he had neither the strength nor the agility of Mustagh.

All at once Mustagh went to his knees. But as might a tiger, he sprang aside in time to avoid a terrible tusk blow to his shoulder.

As the night drew to morning, the bulls began to see that the tide of the battle had turned. Youth was conquering—too mighty and agile to resist. The rushes of the patriarch were ever weaker. He still could inflict punishment, and the hides of both of them were terrible to see, but he was no longer able to take advantage of his openings. Then Muztagh did a thing that reassured the old bulls as to his craft and wisdom. Just as a pugilist will invite a blow to draw his opponent within range, Muztagh pretended to leave his great shoulder exposed. The old bull failed to see the plot. He bore down, and Mustagh was ready with flashing tusk

What happened thereafter occurred too quickly for the eyes of the elephants to follow They saw the great bull go down and Mustagh stand lunging above him. And the battle was over.

The great leader, seriously hurt, backed away into the shadowed jungle.

Three times the elephant salute crashed out into the jungle silence—the full-voiced salaam to a new king Muztagh had come into his birthright.

Keddah Ready

THE keddah was built at last. It was a strong stockade, opening with great wings spreading out one hundred yards, and equipped with a great gate that lowered like a portcullis at the funnel end of the wings. The herd had been surrounded by the drivers and beaters, and slowly they had been driven, for long days, toward the keddah mouth. They had guns loaded with blank cartridges and firebrands ready to light. At a given signal they would close down quickly about the herd, and stampede it into the yawning mouth of the stockade

No expense had been spared. The profit was assured in advance, not only from the matchless Mustagh, but from the herd as well. The king of the jungle, free now as the winds or the waters, was about to go back to his chains. These had been such days. He had led the herd through the hills, and had known the rapture of living as never before It had been his work to clear the trail of dangers for the herd It was his pride to find them the coolest watering places, the greenest hills

His word was law in the herd And slowly he began to overcome the doubt that the great bulls had of him—doubt of his youth and experience. If he had had three months more of leadership, their trust would have been absolute But in the meantime the slow herding toward the keddah had begun.

In Greatest Danger

"WE will need brave men to stand at the end of the wings of the keddah," said Ahmad Din. He spoke no less than truth. The man who stands at the end of the wings, or wide-stretching gates, of the keddah is, of course, in the greatest danger of being charged and killed. The herd, mad with fright, is only slightly afraid of the spreading wings of the stockade than of the yelling, whooping beaters behind Often they will try to break through the circle rather than enter the wings

"For two rupees additional I will hold one of the wings," replied old Langur Dass Ahmad Din glanced at him—at his hard, bright eyes and determined face. "You are a madman, Langur Dass," he said wonderingly. "But thou shalt lie behind the right wing to pass them torches I have spoken."

Within the hour the signal of "Mall, mall!" (Go on, go on!) was given, and the final lap of the drive began.

The hills grew full of sound. The beaters sprang up with firebrand and rifle and closed swiftly about the herd. The animals moved slowly at first. The time was not quite ripe to throw them into a panic. Many times the herd would leave their trail and start to dip into a valley or a creek-bed, but always there was a new crowd of beaters to block their path. But presently the beaters closed in on them. Then the animals began a wild descent squarely toward the mouth of the keddah.

Driving the Herd

FIREBRANDS waved, rifles cracked, the wild shout of beaters increased in volume The men closed in, driving the beasts before them.

But there was one man that did not raise his voice Through all the turmoil and pandemonium he crouched at the end of the stockade wing, tense and silent and alone It was just old Langur Dass, named for a monkey and despised of men.

He was waiting for the instant that the herd would come thundering down the hill in order to pass lighted firebrands to the bold men who held that corner. He was not certain that he could do the thing he had set out to do Perhaps the herd would sweep past him through the gates If he did win, he would have to face alone the screaming, infuriated hillmen, whose knives were always ready to draw. But knives did not matter now Langur Dass had only his own faith and his own creed, and no fear could make him betray them.

"Will I win, jungle gods?" a little grey man at the keddah wing was whispering to the forests. "Will I save you, great one that I knew in babyhood? Will you go down into

(Continued on Next Page)

Ask Ma—She Knows!

She Hated Men—But Her Pretty Daughter!

By JACK LAIT

PHILOSOPHERS, psychologists, biologists have sought to solve the vital mystery of natural selection, one of the congenital instincts that function only in us humans. That is to say, why does a man want to mate with one girl, and why does a girl want to tie up with one man, when, after all, we are of about the same mould.

Animals, even monogamous beasts, make no such differentiations or distinctions. A male bear need not be handsome, sleek of coat, hefty of shoulders, a go-getting provider or a ducky dancer to win himself a she. When he feels the first urge he grabs the nearest unattached female bear. She is his thereafter. She will bear cubs for him, fight for him, cling to him. And he doesn't covet his neighbor's wife either. She may not be beautiful, but she's his mamma bear.

That saves a lot of courting, heartaches, jealousies and murders. It avoids plenty of griefs—but it misses a whole lot of thrills by the same token.

Natalie Encil had been naturally selecting for some time before she naturally selected Jimmy Preer. Always a romantic youngster, she had been shot to the heights of ecstasy and sunk to the depths of misery over her schoolday amours.

There was always some boy over whom she was goofy, and her heart beat at any given time in accord with how well he reciprocated her crush, how many and how formidable were other girls who fancied him and at whom he didn't throw rocks, either, and one thing more—how much her mother knew at the moment and how she viewed the current affair.

For Natalie's mother was extremely strict, unsympathetic and severe on the subjects of love, necking and romance in its every ramification and manifestation.

Mrs. Encil was a rather human sort otherwise. But she was embittered to a stage of monomania against the male tribe.

She, herself, having fallen insanely in love with a worthless, useless, good-looking loafer who had consented to marry her because she had money, had spent a few years of unspeakable agony as his wife, before he finally deserted her to run away with a flapper neighbor and scandalize as well as horrify his wife, by then the mother of his daughter.

She never saw him again. And as the years dragged on her heart grew more vindictive against the whole hateful sex.

And she tried to bring Natalie up to carry on the vendetta.

Instead, Natalie flowered as a boy-hound.

One teacher after another reported to Mrs. Encil that Natalie was a delinquent student—that she lacked concentration except on the boys, on her clothes and on the way her hair was set.

Mrs. Encil scolded her child hysterically at all such times and when her own observation revealed that Natalie was he-silly, it didn't dent her daughter's inborn disposition in the least, but it made her secretive.

Natalie was now eighteen, a veteran of the battledore and shuttlecock of love in and out. She had been entranced, she had been infatuated, she had been stunned, she had been baffled. She had contemplated suicide and she had known hours so rare with joy that she had wondered how she could be on earth and still in heaven.

Then she met Jimmy Preer.

He was the first man with whom she had ever made contact. The rest had been boys of about her own age. She had never given much thought to older ones except, oh, may be a pang over a movie actor or the Prince of Wales' picture or the like.

But Preer was twenty-six, he had a position on earth of his own—being a graduate architect and earning a prosperous income—and he thought and talked of things other than the newest jazz, the nearest film, a new trick on the uke and what to mix with the drug store alcohol.

Natalie had met him on a train. He flirted with her rather skillfully and quite neatly.

When they separated there was an incipient understanding between them that they would meet again surreptitiously. This they did. Jimmy had a car and an office. So he and Natalie, over the next several weeks, grew pretty thick.

Natalie by then, of course, was cookoo about him.

He supplied her dream-material and rave-stuff charged with new ingredients. He was mature, intelligent, usually serious—and when he made love he had technique, what I mean. Here was no callow tyro, chewing gum as he kissed. Jimmy was a whizzing wow. What nature hadn't given him women had taught him. He made all her former hook-ups look childish, almost foolish.

And, one evening, far out on a lonely road, where he had run the nose of his roadster into a dark nook and had held Natalie long, hard and handsome—before she knew it, and probably before he did himself—he asked her to be his wife.

Wife!

His wife!

Natalie almost passed out.

She had been proposed at, half kiddingly, by youths. But here was a grown-up man, a man in position to ask a woman to marry him—yes, she was now a woman!—palpitating with love and desire for her, begging her to be his—his only—his wife!

She answered him with kisses—there must have been millions of them.

—Now came the kickback . . . how to tell mother?

Natalie, after she got home and crawled into her single bed to purr and quiver and pinch herself and project herself into a fairyland future, started thinking hard. What would ma say?

"Yep—to a Pretty Girl Every Man Is Not Only Susceptible, But Simple."

There was a tremendous and intense, almost passionate devotion between the two. Despite the unqualified and unreasonable opposition which Mrs. Encil had met every gesture or intimation of Natalie's interest in the other sex, in the face of the drastic action and the fits of temper and the threats and bawl-outs she had visited on her child on this one score, she adored Natalie and Natalie idolized her.

Such overt acts as she could conceal or had good hopes of keeping from Mrs. Encil, Natalie had committed. She had schemed and lied and alibied and denied. But to openly defy her mother had never been a temptation.

And, since Mrs. Encil's prejudice ran no less against holy matrimony—in truth, that, as the final and climatic blow, she resented most hotly—the girl had no optimistic illusions about being blessed and forgiven if she eloped with the man of her choice.

And the prospect of asking consent was a horror.

She laid the whole situation before Jimmy next day. He already had been apprised of Mrs. Encil's attitude toward his breed; but he had thought that when he offered honest, honorable marriage they would be in the clear. He was amazed to hear from her that this was even worse—that to the woman he would make his mother-in-law, marriage was a crime.

So they took counsel and tried to find a side door through which they might pass this extraordinary bias which confronted and baffled their rosy designs.

The strategy on which they finally settled was complicated.

Mrs. Encil went every Summer to a country place in an old-fashioned hotel near the water.

Jimmy decided he would follow her and Natalie there—as a stranger; that he would have himself formally introduced to the mother and let her grow used to him—possibly even to like him; he would talk with Natalie in her presence, always on impersonal subjects, always attentive and respectful to the older woman, and thus, perhaps, wear down her hostility.

Anyway, it would give him—by then her friend or at least her daily porch companion—an opening to ask her for Natalie. If she refused—well, he would take the slam and spare Natalie the humiliation and the "scene."

If, after that, there appeared no hope of softening her, they would be secretly married and wait and hope for the best or brave it out as, if and when they must.

It seemed the most logical and plausible stunt, and was accepted.

Jimmy preceded them, and by the time they arrived he was already intrenched in the favor of everyone about as an amiable, obliging, courteous chap, of congenial and pleasant cut.

He was introduced to Mrs. Encil and her daughter. He acknowledged the privilege without fulsome over-acting.

Mrs. Encil, of course, could not exercise her man-hatred publicly. Among strangers she, a well-bred woman, treated men with decent amenities.

She would sit on the beach and watch Natalie swimming and frolicking with the others, of both sexes, and, as long as the girl showed no marked preference for any one man or gave no outward evidences of more than joining in general pastimes with all or any, there was no explosion.

Jimmy contrived to have a seat at the table with the Encils, and made himself studiously attentive to the mother. He betrayed no more blood pressure over Natalie than about any of the other young women in sight.

And, when he had ingratiated himself into Mrs. Encil's confidence and favor—as far as she could yield such concessions to one of the beard-bearing animals—he had a quiet talk with her. Natalie, by prearrangement, had gone berrying, too hard a pleasure for her mother, and Jimmy, too, had declined the proposition. Thus they were left to one another. Jimmy gallantly pushed her chair under her, ran for a cushion and sat down. He steered the conversation until he was able to say, without hauling it in by the heels:

"You know, Mrs. Encil, I'm different from most men—especially young men. This may amaze you—sometimes it does me, too. I just can't get worked up about girls."

She threw him a quizzical look.

"I mean—all the other fellows I know, they are girled up. If they aren't already married, they're engaged and if they aren't engaged they hope and plan to be or they're giving the field a merry play and are chasing this pippin or trying to lose that one or intriguing over the next one or eating out their hearts over the last one.

"I like girls—sure, if they're good sports they don't spoil my fun to have 'em around. But I sleep like a baby without any worries over them or wild longings for any of them.

"I've never seen one that looked to me or acted to me as though I'd care to change into a husband. If they giggle or gush, I think them silly; if they sigh and roll their eyes and features their 'it,' I think them brazen; if they are serious and wistful and aloof, I think them washouts.

"Tell me, Mrs. Encil. You are a woman—a woman of unusual brain and discernment and character—what is wrong with me?"

Mrs. Encil smiled.

"There's nothing wrong with you, my dear boy. You have common sense. If that's anything wrong you're awful, because I have never before met one of your sex who would think of life without the eternal savage impulses of hugging, kissing, hand-holding, and all the rest of the mawkish, primitive urge, which hasn't changed since abysmal monkey-man reached their hairy arms at chattering and simpering ape-women."

"Thanks," sighed Jimmy, "I feel much relieved."

"You are more than welcome," she answered. "I feel greatly relieved myself."

After that Mrs. Encil evinced an outstanding deference and preference for Jimmy Preer, and threw her daughter his way as forcibly as she could.

And a few days later he announced that he must return to town.

That evening Natalie and her ma were seated in a remote corner of the veranda, sipping iced drinks.

"Too bad that Mr. Preer is leaving," said Mrs. Encil. "I think he is quite the nicest young man I have ever met."

Jimmy, who was eavesdropping behind the foliage, which was known to Natalie, listened in with intent interest.

"Oh, I think he's slow," flipped back Natalie. "He's all right, but I wouldn't say he is very enticing, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean. He doesn't grab at you and sneak a whisper at you to meet him in the dark hide-away or invite you on long drives where the detours are most delightful."

"No, he doesn't. But he would."

"Would—what?"

"Oh, he's human. They can all be had. If I gave him the slightest indication that I liked his looks or his ways or——"

Mrs. Encil's laugh was worth going a mile to hear.

"You poor, silly, conceited child," she gurgled. "You think every man is susceptible?"

"Yep—to a pretty girl every man is not only susceptible, but simple."

"Most men, yes. But not that one. He has some brains and is concerned with his work, culture, accomplishment—not pug noses and thin ankles, like the rest of them—the saps!"

Natalie smiled.

"If it weren't for you, ma—you and your everlasting raving if I look at a pair of trousers out of the corner of one eye, I'd show you. I'd have Jimmy Preer eating out of my hand in two days—that is, if I could get him to let go of my hand that long."

"Oh, would you? Well, just to teach you one lesson you'll never forget, go and try it—you have my permission—my authority—go to it. And you'll be cured—maybe."

"That's a bet," exclaimed Natalie.

Jimmy had two more days to stay. He and Natalie made no new, open overtures. No one observing them would have seen any change in their relations since their arrival. Mrs. Encil, watching closely, though she was sure of the result, detected little.

When Jimmy left, though, Natalie—and nobody but Natalie—went to the station to see him off.

She came back alone.

"Well, he's gone," she sighed.

"Yes? And how'd you come out?" giggled Mrs. Encil.

"I lost," answered Natalie.

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you?"

"Yep, I lost. Instead of me hooking him, he hooked me. We're engaged!"

"What? You're—you're——"

"You told me to try it. The job was too much for me. He told me he had never cared for a girl. I set out to make him fall for me. By the time he did I had fallen for him."

Mrs. Encil bit her lips.

"Oh, dear. I suppose you had to go and do it some time anyway. And if it had to be someone, it might better be this one. He at least tried to be human and not just male. He held out as long as he could."

"But—ma! When he did go, how he went!"

Frolicking Impersonally on the Beach

Natalie, Alone, Went to See Jimmy Off

He Contrived to Sit at Their Table

The Elephant Remembers

Continued From Preceding Page

chains before the night is done? Ai! I hear the thunder of your feet. The moment is almost here. And now—your last chance, Mustagh!"

"Close down, close down!" Ahmad Din was shouting to his beaters. "The thing is done in another moment. Hasten, pigs of the hills! Raise your voice! Now! Aihai!"

Mustagh's Defiance

THE herd was at the very wings of the stockade. They had halted an instant milling, and the beaters increased their shouts. Only one of all the herd seemed to know the danger—Mustagh himself, and he had dropped from the front rank to the very rear. He stood with uplifted trunk, facing the approaching rows of beaters. And there seemed to be no break in the whole line. He turned, too, toward the mouth of the keddah.

But even as he turned, a brown figure darted toward him from the end of the wing. A voice known—long ago was calling to him—a voice that penetrated high and clear above the babble of the beaters. "Mustagh" it was crying. "Mustagh!"

But it was not the words that turned Mustagh. An elephant cannot understand words, except a few elemental sounds such as a horse or dog can learn. Rather it was the smell of the man, remembered from long ago, and the sound of his voice, never quite forgotten. For an elephant never forgets.

"More firebrands!" yelled the men who held the corner of the wing. "Firebrands! Where is Langur Dass?" But instead of firebrands that would have frightened beast and aided men, Langur Dass stepped out from behind a tree and beat at the heads of the right-wing guards with a bamboo cane that whistled and whacked and scattered them into panic—yelling all the while—"Mustagh! O my Mustagh! Here is an opening! Mustagh, come!"

And Mustagh did come—trumpeting—crashing like an avalanche, with Langur Dass hard after him, afraid, now that he had done the trick. And hot on the trail of Langur Dass and Ahmad Din, with his knife drawn, not meaning to let that prize be lost to him at less than the cost of the trickster's life.

But it was not written that the knife should ever enter the flesh of Langur Dass.

The elephant never forgets, and Mustagh was monarch of his breed. He turned back two paces, and struck with his trunk. Ahmad Din was knocked aside as the wind whips a straw.

Elephant and Man

FOR an instant elephant and man stood front to front. To the left of them the gates of the stockade dropped shut behind the herd. The elephant stood with trunk slightly lifted, for the moment motionless. The long-haired man who had saved him stood lifting upstretched arms.

It was such a scene as one might remember in an old legend, wherein beasts and men were brothers.

For Langur Dass was speaking to my lord the elephant.

"Take me with thee, Mustagh! Monarch of the hills! Thou and I are not of the world of men, but of the jungle and the rain, the silence and the cold touch of rivers. We are brothers, Mustagh. O beloved, wilt thou leave me here to die?"

The elephant slowly turned his head and looked scornfully at the group of beaters bearing down on Langur Dass, murder shining no less from their knives than from their lighted eyes.

"Take me," the old man pleaded, "thy herd is gone."

The elephant seemed to know what he was asking. He had lifted him to his great shoulders many times in the last days of his captivity. And besides, his old love for Langur Dass had never been forgotten. It all returned, full and strong as ever. For an elephant never can forget.

It was not one of the man-herd that stood pleading before him. It was one of his own jungle people. Just as, deep in his heart, he had always known. So with one motion light as air, he swung him gently to his shoulder.

The jungle, vast and mysterious and still, closed its gates behind them.

Investigations Prove Habitual Wanderer Is Impulsive

BOYS and girls who run away without reason, and adults who do the same thing, are sufferers from "habitual nomadism," according to William J. Tinkle, of Mission House College, Plymouth, Wis., who presents the results of his investigations in The Journal of Heredity, as follows:

"1 The wandering is impulsive. The typical nomad does not set out deliberately. He simply has an impulse to leave.

"2. The wandering is unreasonable. In a normal individual his impulses, if foolish or harmful, are inhibited by his reason; but not so in the nomad, if he gets the impulse to go. Most nomads will steal or beg when hungry; and the meagerness of the fare does not influence their reason enough to make them give up wandering. The trait being of such an unreasonable nature, it is usually hard for appeals to reason to produce any effect.

"3 The wandering is habitual. It is quite normal for one who has been confined at his post of labor to enjoy a trip for a change, but having returned he appreciates his comfortable home and is more content with his job for having gone.

"But those having the nomadic trait are well represented by the girl of whom it is said that, 'She is never satisfied except when she is on the go.'

"4 We may say then that in our sense a nomad is a person who has an inborn factor which induces him to wander impulsively, unreasonably and habitually. However, in attempting to recognize nomads, one must bear in mind the influence of environment, and of other hereditary traits."

A clergyman noticed a new face among his congregation and went forward to welcome the young woman after the service.

"If you give me your name and address," he said, "I'll call and see you."

"Oh, it's all right," was the reply. "I've got a young man already."

Why Britain Demands Revision of Young Plan

BY RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL
Research Director, Foreign Policy Association, in The New York Times

BRITAIN'S attack on the Young plan, launched at the Hague Reparation Conference by her Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, stirred up a tremendous international storm. The British lion roared; some people became frightened and others angry. The Labor Government was accused of political immaturity, of Francophobia, of jingoism. It was charged with attempting to upset the international applecart—and without giving the world due warning. Then calmer counsels prevailed and the effort began through informal negotiations to work out a compromise.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing surprising in the position taken by the British at the Hague. In a debate in the House of Commons of July 26 Mr. Snowden made almost exactly the same arguments against the Young plan as he made before an international audience. And while the outside world may be aroused at the substance of his argument and at his adjectives, it is admitted that the three British parties and the British press are solidly behind the thesis which he has sustained. In view of the usual divergence of opinion upon political questions in England, this unanimity is remarkable and significant.

The substance of the British objection to the Young plan, in its present form, is that while it gives large sums to France and Italy, it gives little if anything to the British Empire; but, on the contrary, the plan, if adopted, will fasten an actual deficit upon the British people and may even intensify the economic difficulties now confronting the British Isles. The British may say they are willing to make concessions on behalf of international reconstruction; they believe they have made a series of such concessions, but they feel, they assert, that other people should also accept sacrifices.

Independent Experts

THE Young plan was the result of five months' strenuous work of a committee of "independent financial experts," who met at Paris last February upon the request of the German, French, British, Italian, Belgian and Japanese Governments. This committee was asked to make "proposals" for a complete and final settlement of the reparation problem, and to address a "report" to the respective Governments. The Young report, which was submitted to the Governments on June 7, calls upon Germany to pay to the Allies in reparation the annual sum of $473,700,000 for the next thirty-seven years. This is a reduction over the normal payments required by the previous Dawes plan of about $122,000,000 annually.

The British Government does not object to this reduction in German reparation payments, nor to fixing the number of German annuities. In fact, it has repeatedly expressed a willingness to wipe out the reparation and interallied debts altogether. But as long as any reparations and debts are to be paid, the British feel that they should receive what they regard as a fair share. What the British Government does object to is the schedule of distributing this annual sum of $473,700,000 among the Allies.

Reparations Distribution

IN the Spa agreement of 1920 the Allied Governments agreed upon the distribution of reparations received from Germany—a distribution which has since remained unchanged. Here it was provided that France should receive fifty per cent of the German payments, the British Empire twenty-two per cent, Italy ten per cent and the other countries in proportion. In other words, the French Government received a share about two and one-half times that of the British. A number of British leaders, such as Lloyd George, believed that France received a very generous treatment. France lost 1,385,300 men in the war in comparison with 743,702 for the British. Northern France was devastated by the German invasion, while British territory remained comparatively inviolate.

Nevertheless, the war destroyed a large part of the foreign markets upon which the British people depended for a livelihood. And while the French have since reconstructed their devastated regions, the British have so far been unable to restore their markets. The loss due to this cause has been valued at least $15,000,000,000. During the war the German submarines destroyed nearly $8,000,000 tons of British shipping. In that period the Allies relied upon the British Government for heavy financial aid. As a result the British debt is more than twice that of any other ally. There are many Britishers who believe, therefore, that the material loss of the Empire as a result of the World War was fully as great as the loss of France. Nevertheless, the Spa agreement allocated to France two and one-third times as much as it gave to Britain.

The Young Plan

UPON examining the Young plan the British find that their percentage has been reduced from twenty-two per cent to 20.8 per cent, which means a loss to the British Treasury of about $12,500,000 a year. The experts' report proposes to hand this sum over to France and Italy, but without any explanation. The assumption is that the report increased the share of France and Italy in the distribution of reparation payments in order to win them over to a reduction in the total sum owed by Germany.

This reduction of $12,500,000 is the least of the British objections to the Young plan. The fundamental objection is that this plan violates the famous Balfour declaration of 1922. This declaration set forth the principles which have since controlled the attitude of the British Government toward the payment of reparations and interallied debts. At that time Lord Balfour declared that the British Government favored a policy of "surrendering their share of German reparation and writing off, through one great transaction, the whole body of interallied indebtness. But if this be found to be impossible of accomplishment, we wish it to be understood that we do not in any event desire to make a profit out of any less satisfactory arrangement. In no circumstances do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay to our creditors. And while we do not ask for more, all will admit that we can hardly be content with less."

Dominions' Claims

THE Balfour declaration did not, however, apply to the Dominions and their claim to reparation.

Under the Treaty of Versailles, the British Empire and the other Allies were entitled to claim in reparation from Germany a sum large enough to cover all civilian damage caused by the war, including pensions. But in the Balfour note the British Government waived all these sums, except for an amount large enough to cover its payments to the United States.

At that time the Allied Governments owed the British Empire, for debts contracted during the war, about $8,000,000,000, in contrast to $4,000,000,000 owed by the British Empire to the United States. Thus the British Government had lent to its Allies about twice what it had borrowed from America.

The United States declined to wipe out the interallied debts, and the British Government thereupon proceeded to apply the second part of the Balfour note. It asked from Germany, France, Italy and the other war debtors only enough to meet payments due to the United States.

The Right Honorable Philip Snowden

These payments were defined in the debt funding agreement of December, 1922. In that agreement the British Government promised to pay its debt to the United States over a period of sixty-two years. Back interest from 1918 to 1923 would be paid at four and one-half per cent; but during the next ten years interest would be three per cent, and three and one-half per cent thereafter. During the coming thirty-seven years the average annuity paid by the British Empire to the United States will be about $177,300,000. The British Government was the first of the Allies to fund its debt to the United States, and it accepted the most onerous terms.

The United States reduced its claims upon the British Empire to the extent of twenty-eight per cent. But the British Empire reduced its claims upon France to the extent of sixty-two per cent and its claims upon Italy to the extent of seventy-six per cent. The Franco-British debt agreement contains, moreover, a provision that if at any time it appears that the aggregate payments received by Great Britain from France, together with payments in reparation and from other Allies, exceed the aggregate payments made by Great Britain to the United States, Great Britain will return the excess to France. A similar provision will be found in the British agreement with Italy. Under the Balfour declaration, therefore, which is still in force, the British Empire will reduce its claims upon France and Italy (except for payments owed to the Dominions) in case the United States reduces its claims upon Britain.

Share of the Dominions

WHAT the Balfour declaration did insist upon, however, was payments from Germany and France and Italy sufficiently large to offset the aggregate payments made by the British Empire to the United States. If the Young plan lived up to that principle, the British could not logically object to a reduction in the Spa percentages. What does the Young plan provide? It declares that Germany shall pay during the next thirty-seven years the average sum of $97,400,000 to the British Empire, subject to certain provisions in regard to suspension later discussed. But during the same period the British Empire must pay to the United States an average annual sum of $177,300,000. The difference between these two sums in the future is just balanced by receipts totalling $73,000,000 from France and Italy, and by receipts from ten smaller debtor countries. As far as the future is concerned, the Young plan therefore makes provision for payments to the British Empire which just offset future British payments to the United States and no more. On the other hand, the Young plan offsets Italian and French payments to the United States and in addition gives these two Governments surplus.

Dominions Overlooked

IN British eyes this arrangement is unsatisfactory from three standpoints. First, it overlooks the claims of the British Dominions, which were excepted fro mthe Balfour declaration of 1922. Under the Spa agreement the British Dominions were to have received 13.15 per cent of the British share in reparations. But under the Young plan Great Britain will receive only enough to meet further payments to the United States. If the Dominions are to receive any reparations, they must therefore look to the British Treasury.

Secondly, while the Young plan gives Great Britain enough to pay the United States in the future, it does nothing to make up the deficit on debt payments accumulated by Great Britain in the past. Up to the present the British Government has paid to the United States, including interest, about $1,000,000,000 more than it has so far received from Germany and her other debtors.

A billion dollars is a large sum of money and under the Balfour principle it would have gradually been repaid by annuities extending into the future. But the Young plan makes no provision for such reimbursement. Had the Spa percentages been retained the British would have received an additional capital sum of about $165,000,000, which would have gone a little way toward meeting the $1,000,000,000 deficit. But these percentages have been reduced, and the British Government asserts that it cannot accept any settlement which fails to take this deficit into account.

No Guarantee for Annuities

IN the next place, the Young plan does not give to the British Government any guarantee that the annuities theoretically due to it will be paid. This plan divides Germany's obligations into unconditional and conditional payments. Of the total average annuity of $473,700,000 the German Government is unconditionally liable for only $157,000,000. Now about five-sixths of this latter sum is turned over to France, who may mobilize it in a bond issue that will provide her with a capital sum of about $2,500,000,000. This is to compensate France in part for her devastated regions. In return France must make certain deposits in the Bank of International Settlement.

On the other hand, the British Government receives little if anything from unconditional annuities. It must content itself with annuities the payment of which is made conditional upon the German economic state. When Germany's exchange and economic life are seriously threatened, the German Government, simply by giving ninety days' notice, may suspend the transfer of these conditional annuities for a period of two years. Meantime the sums due shall be paid into the Reichsbank. But Germany also gets the right to suspend payments to the extent of fifty per cent of the total due for a period of one year.

Lloyd George's Protest

IN a debate in the House of Commons on July 26 Lloyd George said:

"It is of no use to us that our share has been paid into the Reichsbank; the whole question is how we are to secure that share by means of the transfer. When the third year comes Germany will be confronted with the payment of the whole of her annuity for that year, and something like £140,000,000 of arrears. Does anyone imagine that she can do that? She has just recovered—that is the hypothesis—from two years of severe trade depression, and the first year that she recovers she is called upon to pay not merely the whole of her annuity but the two years' arrears as well . . .

"It is incredible to me how anybody could have signed this report. Not merely are we left for two years with nothing, but we may have such a revision at the end of two years that even then there will a reduction. The £25,000,000 paid to France is about the best security in the world. We have absolutely none. Our payment will be precarious, doubtful; I have no doubt that the bulk of it will vanish.

"Why do I say that? Germany has only been enabled to pay her Dawes contributions by borrowing on a large scale and by keeping down her wages. These two processes cannot be continued indefinitely, and the result will be that Germany sooner or later will be confronted with the aggregations of those huge borrowings for the purpose of paying these annuities; but when that comes France will be secure . . . We shall be left the rest, which is precarious and vanishing, we shall be left with nothing but a £34,000,000 payment to America, which is secure enough.

"I do not think that in these circumstances our Government ought to append its signature to a report which is not merely a setback to us but a humiliation to us. I think it is one which no Government, in the interest of the taxpayers of the country and in the interest of fairness, ought to be called upon to sign."

A "Risky Cover"

IN other words, the British feel that the Young plan gives them a second or third mortgage upon the German annuities. This is what Philip Snowden calls a "risky cover."

The last specific objection of the British to the Young plan lies in the provisions concerning deliveries in kind. The Treaty of Versailles provided that for a period of ten years Germany should make deliveries of coal to France and Belgium in compensation for the destruction of French and Belgian coal fields. Deliveries in kind also were required in dyes, potash, and other materials. Despite vigorous British objection, the Dawes plan of 1924 provided for the continuance of these deliveries, and the Young plan provides that they shall be extended ten years more. It is declared that German deliveries in kind severely injure British export trade.

As a result of coal deliveries, France and Belgium stopped their purchase from England. In accordance with treaty stipulations, Germany delivered more coal than the French and the Belgians could consume. And these Governments therefore proceeded to dump the surplus upon foreign markets, thus injuring the British export trade.

The British coal industry is one of the most depressed industries in England. Until it is revived the British unemployment problem is not likely to be solved. These considerations appeal with particular conviction to the Labor Government, which draws part of its support from the mining areas.

Reached "the Limit"

BACK of all these objections is the general feeling that the British people have reached the limits of the concessions they can be expected to make in contrast to other countries. They feel that the lion's share of the Young plan goes to France; but today France is in a flourishing economic condition, her devastated regions have been restored. The economic condition of England, because of world-wide causes having their roots in the World War, is, however, depressed. The British public does not therefore feel justified in accepting a new reparation settlement which, while it will turn over to France a gilt-edged sum of $2,500,000,000, will saddle the British public with a $1,000,000,000 deficit and will intensify British economic depression.

The British people point to the unusually generous share in the reparation payments given to France in the Spa agreement of 1920. They point to the Balfour declaration under which Britain has waived all claim for reparation and for the payment of war debt except to meet the sum due the United States. They point to the fact that the British were the first to fund their debt to the United States and that they accepted much more onerous terms then any other Allied Government. They agreed to pay this debt unconditionally, although in notes accompanying the French and Italian debt agreements they accepted a modified form of the "safeguarding" clause.

Finally, the British point to the drastic cut made in their debt agreements with France and Italy. Such are the concessions made by the British people on behalf of international reconstruction. And until the whole of the reparation and interallied debts are wiped off the slate the British do not wish to go further

Those Who Live in Glass Houses

By Bernard J. Farmer

TO "lose face" is unthinkable to any Chinaman, and Wing Lo had no intention of submitting to such an indignity. As the customer leaning across the counter of his little laundry grew more and more abusive, he became correspondingly cheerful, showing his yellow teeth in a rat-like grin.

"Those pants torn when you bring 'em," he maintained, with irritating persistence.

"Torn! You infernal heathen!" roared the customer. "Look at that—that's laundry. I pay you to wash 'em, not tear 'em." For the tenth time he thumped a large and dirty fist on a pair of beautiful white flannel trousers which lay on the counter and pointed to a long jagged rent in the knee.

Wing Lo, more cheerful than ever, closely inspected the rent, then gently pushed away the hand of the customer.

"No bang 'em," he murmured, "make 'em dirty. I no wash 'em 'gain."

"See here, my lad," said the customer slowly, emphasizing each word with a shake of his fat forefinger: "you're—goin' to—mend—those pants, and then—you're—goin' to—wash—those pants!"

Wing Lo's shrivelled features screwed up into a network of wrinkles.

"I mend 'em," he said thoughtfully, "one dollar. I wash 'em 'gain to you, bad customer, seventy-five cent. That be dollar seventy-five."

"You're goin' to do 'em free and gratis—and like it!" said his opponent forcefully. And with that parting shot, he banged his card down on the counter and marched out.

Wing Lo watched him through the tiny window until he passed out of sight, then with reverent fingers took up the trousers and folded them into their accustomed creases. His eye fell on the card, and he picked it up and read it carefully:

John Durham
Coal and Coke Merchant
Best Quality at Cut Prices

"Dur-ham," repeated Wing Lo, with another thoughtful wrinkle of his features. "Durham."

Laying the card down, he pedded to a back room and rummaged among a drawer full of papers. Presently he came to what he wanted. It was an unreceipted bill for half a ton of coal and the creditor was one John Durham.

Wing Lo's next move was stranger still. He pursed his thin lips together and emitted a whistle of startling shrillness.

It was answered by a boy of thirteen or so, who ran into the room, took up his stand facing Wing Lo, and waited stolidly.

"Oh lazy one," said Wing Lo, in Chinese, "how much have we left of that black excrescence which is neither good to burn nor good to eat?"

"Half the room when it is full, honorable sir," said his son, Wing Li, with a polite bow.

"Go below, dream of my sorrows," said the indulgent father, "and pick me out many of the lazy pieces which will not burn, no matter how kindly the flame is applied."

Wing Li executed another polite bow and departed while Wing Lo produced a packet of cigarettes, lit one with extreme care, and taking up the white flannels, started to repair the rent. Every now and again, as he paused in his stitching to puff at his cigarette, strange sounds, suggestive of intense suffering, came from the depths of his being. Wing Lo was amused.

An hour went by, and two operations came to a simultaneous conclusion. Wing Lo finished the rent in the flannels, and on the counter lay a neat pile of blackish grey lumps which a trusting public fondly imagined to be coal.

Wing Li, stripped to the waist of all but his cotton vest, gazed proudly at the results of his labor and wiped his hands first on his face and then on his chest.

"Most honorable sir," he addressed his father, "I have brought you the lumps the most unburnable of all. To each one I applied the test of heat in the furnace, and burn they would not."

Wing Lo grunted with satisfaction and put on an old coat. Then after drawing his son's attention to the amount of ironing to be done, wrapped one of the lumps in a scrap of newspaper, and holding it ceremoniously before him, padded out of the laundry and into the street.

After ten minutes patient shuffling he came to a drug store.

"What this?" he asked, holding up the lump to the druggist.

"Slate," said that wise man contemptuously.

Wing Lo beamed confidentially. "You give me paper which say slate."

The druggist took the lump and disappeared into his dispensary, returning presently with an imposing paper on which was written the chemical analysis of slate.

Wing Lo tendered a dollar, folded up his his precious evidence and departed.

Later that afternoon a particularly noisome street called Edna was enlivened by the spectacle of an earnest Chinaman plodding painstakingly down the sidewalk. Wing Lo, for it was he, paused at length outside the premises of John Durham, coal and coke merchant, and entered the office. The gods were favorable to him, for John Durham himself looked up, then seeing who his visitor was, scowled truculently.

"Oh, it's you, is it," he growled. "Have you brought my pants?"

Wing Lo ignored the question. "T'ree week ago I buy half ton coal from you," he asserted blankly.

Durham referred to his books.

"So you did," he grunted, "and you owe me seven dollars—I'll take it now."

Wing Lo unwrapped the lump, placed it tenderly on the table, and wiped his fingers.

"Slate you sell me, not coal!"

"Slate nothing!" shouted Durham, "it's coal!"

Wing Lo produced his trump card. "See what drug man say," he cried in triumph, and flourished the analysis before the other's eyes.

Durham glared defiantly at the evidence. "Jake!" he roared.

"Yeah, boss," came a weary voice from outside.

"Give this darned Chink a lump of coal, and you"—pointing a quivering forefinger at Wing Lo—"you pay that seven dollars!"

"No got money now," said Wing Lo, with a grin. "Come later."

Three times a day for three successive days he repeated the performance, each time padding softly into Durham's office with a lump of slate, and after much furious argument, taking back a lump of coal. And still the bill was unpaid.

On the third day, Durham lost his temper completely, and banging his hat on his head, accompanied the Chinaman down the street.

"You'll pay that darned bill now if I have to wring your neck," he cried fiercely, "and I'll take my pants back with me."

"Pay dollar seventy-five an' you take pants," remarked Wing Lo composedly.

Durham merely growled, and they walked on in oppressive silence. As they entered the laundry, the coal merchant gave an involuntary start. For the front of the counter was for all the world like a miniature coal depot; on it lay a neatly arranged pile of blackish grey lumps which his conscience told him must be slate.

"Me come an' see you long time yet," said Wing Lo cheerfully.

Durham produced his bill and banged it down on the counter with a fury that scattered the evidence.

"Seven dollars," he roared, "and the next time you come into my office I'll kick you to blazes out of it!"

Wing Lo produced his bill and tendered it with a polite bow.

"Dollar seventy-five," he remarked, "an' I t'ink you find 'nother laundry, eh?"

There was a pregnant silence.

Durham breathed heavily through his nose. Against his will he conjured up a vision, and in this vision a long line of Chinamen padded softly to and from his office. They stretched over an interminable number of days—and they all carried lumps of coal.

At last he spoke.

"Split the difference," he said thickly, "and we'll call it square."

A few minutes later, as he watched the figure of the coal merchant departing down the street, Wing Lo lit a cigarette and sucked at it pensively. From time to time strange noises, suggestive of intense suffering, came from his throat. Wing Lo was amused.

Emil Ludwig on War Guilt

July 1. By Emil Ludwig (Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag).

THIS work is one with a definite moral and doctrine. The war was the result of the crimes and follies not merely of the German Government, but of all the Governments of Europe.

"The whole responsibility lay with the cabinets, the whole innocence in the streets. . . . the book is a study on the stupidity of those then in power and the just instinct of those who were then powerless. It is shown internationally how a peaceful, industrious reasonable mass of 500 millions was driven into war by a few dozen incapable leaders, by means of falsified documents, by lies, by menaces and patriotic phrases. . . . Three capable statesmen would easily have done what the great majority desired. It is a lie that a single nation as such willed the war, or that it would do so now."

If there is any difference to be found among the Governments and the statesmen, it is that the most culpable are those who were most removed from popular control, the Austrians and the Russians, and that the greater the popular control the more elements of sense and wisdom appear; it is in England alone that there was open public discussion in Parliament on the action to be taken by the country, and it was for this reason in England alone that there was a real, genuine and honest attempt to prevent the war. And as it is written in defence of a thesis, so also it has a practical object:

"This book, which proves the peaceful attitude of the masses of peoples in July, 1914, is intended to assist the idea of a Court of Arbitration, which is no Utopia, but is becoming a reality, which does not remain an insoluble problem, but is the inevitable result of our latest experiences. As Europe, in fact, consists now of nothing but republics, it can more easily defend itself from catastrophe."

We need not say that Herr Ludwig shows great skill in arranging and marshalling his material. We can be quite sure that the whole story is so told as to bring into high relief the vices and follies of the statesmen—vices which are chiefly illustrated by the two "War Counts," Berchtold and Forgach, on whom above all rests the full responsibility for having deliberately brought about the war, follies of the German Emperor, Bethmann Hollweg and Herr von Jagow. And we have certainly no reason to quarrel with the general tendency of the narrative; far more than most Germans, he gives cordial recognition to Sir Edward Grey's genuine efforts in the cause of peace, and the picture of the difficulties in which he was involved, partly by his own past actions, is thoroughly sympathetic and understanding.

On the other hand, there is much in his narrative which will not command general agreement. The reason for that he himself explains. The book, he tells us, was originally written in 1921. Even then, as he insists, the whole story could be found in the documents; it was clear enough. In later revisions there was little to change or to add, and "it is only those who wish to confuse the future outlook of Europe who keep on stirring up further dust out of the records." Now there is no doubt just an element of truth in this. Much of the work which has been done on the origins of the war both in Germany and America has had both the intention and the result of confusing and blurring the clear impression of Austrian misdirection and German incompetence, on which his narrative is chiefly based. But it is never wise, especially for a man of letters, when he undertakes a serious political and historical work to underrate the value and the labors of those who "keep on stirring up further dust out of the records." After all, no one who claims to be a historian can afford to neglect any source of knowledge. Herr Ludwig's book is a useful illustration of this. Again and again, from an apparent neglect to use and to master all the available material, he has fallen into errors and made misstatements.—The Times.

Verbena hybrida, garden verbena, is an excellent low-growing annual, free-flowering and in pink, blue, white and purple shades.

Kagawa, Saint of Japanese Slums

TOYOHIKO KAGAWA

Saint of Kobe's Slums. Brilliant Asiatic, at once orator, novelist, statesman, evangelist, labor leader, slum worker, and, pre-eminently, the man who loves, who lived thirteen years in Kobe's slums, and whose writings regarding social and economic reforms have made a deep impression on Japanese life. He is now leading a nation-wide evangelistic campaign for Christianity.

By J. K. UNSWORTH

ACROSS the Pacific is a great little man whom history will inscribe on the twentieth century's hall of fame, Toyohiko Kagawa, of Japan.

Orator, novelist, slum worker, Socialist, evangelist, patriot, politician, "little brother of the poor," the many-sided nature of Kagawa has likenesses to contrasted characters like John Wesley and Eugene V. Debs, Count Leo Tolstoi and Arnold Toynbee, Francis d'Assisi and Jerry Macaulay, and his admirers find in him elements of statesmanship akin to Gandhi and Lenin.

He is a dramatic orator. Short of stature, almost blind, one eye covered with a black cloth and compelled to use a magnifying glass in reading, his power over any sort of audience rate him as perhaps the most impressive speaker in Japan. Tickets for his preaching services sell at fifty sen each, which would be equivalent in Canada to about a dollar a head.

Japan's foremost novelist, his descriptions of its slums, geishas and labor conditions are characterized by a Russian realism. One of his stories has run into eighty editions in three years and is still selling strongly. Incidentally, his prolific pen finances his many benevolent enterprises.

Kagawa was backer of seven candidates in last year's parliamentary elections. He organised the first real labor union in Japan, also peasants' unions, proletarian consumers' co-operatives and Japan's first Labor Party. Twice in prison, fined three times, for years trailed by the police, accused of taking money from Russia, Kagawa has run the gauntlet of all friends of the under-dog. Only after years of unselfish work among the slums has the Japanese Government withdrawn its suspicions and begun to support his efforts.

St. Francis of Japan

LIKE Francis of the Umbrian hills, Kagawa of Kobe's slums holds nothing his own. He gives away every yen he makes, dresses in a $1.65 suit—the "Kagaga Fuju," made by one of his co-operative societies—lives with his wife and family of two children in the simplest way. Once and again he has given away his shirt. Did not the Galilean say "Give to him that asketh thee?" So they call him the "apostle of one kimono."

The story of this genius began about twenty-five years ago—he is forty-one years of age—as a brooding young fellow, vexed like Hamlet with the problem of existence, hyper-sensitive to human misery and dissatisfied with such philosophies as he had studied and revolting from the soul fatness of the sensualist. Upon a distressed mind which had planned suicide fell light from the life of a Christian missionary, and in his own thoroughgoing fashion young Kagawa committed himself as a disciple of Jesus. He graduated from a Presbyterian college in Tokio and a theological school in Kobe, later completing his training at Princeton, New Jersey.

His pledge to the Galilean as the embodiment of love drove the college graduate straight to the slums. Now Kobe's slums were of the slummiest. Here in the Skinkawa lived eleven thousand people in eleven blocks, as many as nine people sleeping in a room six feet long by six wide. In this underworld of the underfed and the lapsed this sensitive spirit made his home, living in a two-mat room and preaching on its fetid streets. Passionately assuring his nondescript audiences that God was love, he was put to the test by his hearers, who borrowed his money and swarmed into his room, where he kept open house. A motley crew was that first family of Kagawa—loafers, jail-birds, peddlers, street scavengers. He shared his portion of rice, even his blanket. Though beaten with clubs and threatened with knife and pistol, he took it all, never answering back.

Enters the Novelist

FEARS of his life of sacrificing and preaching passed and they called him the saint of the slums. Love laid its hand upon the unfortunate, and out of the medley of humanity was gathered a group of "Jesu no Tomo," or "Friends of Jesus," and Kagawa became pastor of a Christian congregation. The movement gathered volume, widened. Health clinics, slum schools, employment bureaus and the like sprang up, until today there are social settlements in Kobe, Alaska and Tokio and a variety of welfare work on a budget of nearly $1,000 a month.

Enters the novelist. Like Sir Walter Scott, Kagawa writes to pay his debts. Slum and settlement expenses are carried by an indefatigable and facile pen. When a friend advised him to go to a sanatorium for a couple of weeks, he playfully replied, "Oh, that would be fine, then I could make a thousand yen ($500) for my free dispensary work." Within a score of years he has written forty-five books—poems, essays, translations of current works, religious and educational treatises, economic brochures, fiction. Last year he completed three novels. His first novel made him famous overnight. This is "Shisen-O-Koete" ("Across the Death Line"), published in 1920, the English translation of which is called "Before the Dawn," which sold more than 150,000 copies in three weeks and is now past the quarter-million mark. Other novels are: "A Shooter at the Sun" (90,000 copies) and "A Voice of the Wall."

Much of Kagawa's fiction, as one has said, is either disguised autobiography or drawn from his own slum experience and has a human interest that grips the mind and heart on every page. "I do not read romances," said he once. "My whole life is a romance." All the human passions pulsate in his lines, often bursting forth into violent expression. Descriptions are vividly realistic, the style "a combination of fragility and forcefulness."

His novels write big cheques, they also tilt a strong lance in the hands of this chivalrous samurai of Christ, who "rides abroad redressing human wrongs." Parts of the three novels mentioned, printed along with his great work on the "Psychology of the Poor," moved the Government to an advanced slum-reclamation programme. The prostitution evil is attacked in "Where the Idols Reign," one of last year's novels. His mother was a geisha, his father's concubine, and he has "deep sympathy for these will-o'-the-wisp playthings of Japanese men." But he smites the system. "My mother was a geisha; hence I do not want my daughter to be one."

Saint Becomes Politician

ENTER now Kagawa, the politician. See the saint of the slums become the Christian Socialist. This Tolstoyan spirit of modern Japan saw that he must fight for his poor at the polls. "The more I studied the slums the more I realised that we can stop them only by curing their cause. I went from the slums into the trade union movement because I wanted to do away with poverty and pauperism." The first real labor union was organized by Kagawa. Imprisoned for taking part in the great dockyard strike, he came out to start the Peasants' or Farmers' Union. After a visit to Europe and conference with Ramsay Macdonald, he launched the Labor Party of Japan and backed seven candidates in the last election. His own candidate in Kobe, where he spoke five or six times a day, headed the poll on a platform of prohibition, abolition of licensed quarters and social and industrial reform in general. In any political survey of Japan the slum worker will bulk big, for he is, Warwick-like, a maker of parliamentary candidates.

To Communism, which on account of the distressing economic conditions that prevail in the Nippon Empire, is getting a strong grip on industrial and student life, Kagawa is no more friendly than is Ramsay Macdonald. In Marxism he sees an enemy of his native land. On the other hand, he preaches Christ the Carpenter and His spirit of sympathy and sacrifice as the way through for his country and for the whole world. At the moment he is calling the Christian churches of Japan, composed as they are of the middle class and class limited, to meet Russia's challenge to Christendom in the original spirit of the Workingman of Nazareth. Conceiving Japan to be the scene of a mighty struggle between Karl Marx and Jesus Christ, Kagawa is now in the thick of a campaign whose slogan is "A Million Souls for Christ." The politician is retiring in favor of the preacher; the Eugene V. Debs of Japan takes second place to the John Wesley of Japan, that is one of his cognomens, the "Wesley of Japan," for let it be borne in mind, Toyohiko Kagawa is an ordained minister and first and last an evangelist of the Christian faith.

The Man Who Loves

THOUGH in the early forties Kagawa has poor health and is almost blind with trachoma, contracted from a diseased man whom he let in under his blanket one cold night in Kobe's slums. Should he live to be sixty years of age none can forecast the tremendous impression he may make upon his own country and throughout the world.

For Kagawa in a materialist and indulgent age uniquely incarnates the principles of love. Love governs this brilliant personality. "I love them; that is all," was the answer given as to how to do welfare work. Love frames his social philosophy. "Love is the greatest thing in humanity."

There he stands across the Pacific, this great little man, orator, statesman, evangelist, novelist, social worker, and greater than these, the man who loves.

JUSTICE SHOULD HAVE AN EVEN HAND

By ROBERT McBAIN

On a Charge of Stealing a Rowboat He Sentenced the Men to Be Hanged—and Suspended Sentence!

PUBLIC opinion is often shocked by what appears to be the inequality of sentences imposed on criminals by different judges and magistrates for practically the same crime.

There was an outstanding example in London, Ontario, recently. One man was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for killing a man with his motor car. It was then discovered that the convicted man was innocent and the real culprit was arrested and brought to trial.

He was convicted and given a sentence of only three years, although, in addition to the crime for which the first man had been sentenced to five years, he was guilty of standing by while an innocent man was punished for his crime.

The question of obtaining equality of punishment is a difficult one. No two judges have the same viewpoint or can be expected to mete out the same punishment for the same crime. There are so many factors calling for leniency or harshness that no set scale of punishment can be prepared and wide discretions must be left in imposing the sentence. Yet even the same judge will, over a period of a few years, show apparent inconsistency.

About two years ago a young man was arrested in Toronto in the act of burglary. He was armed, and when the man of the house grappled with him the revolver was discharged, the bullet passing through the lapel of the householder's coat. By the sheerest of good luck the matter was not a capital one; the slightest deflection of the weapon might have resulted in a fatality and a murder trial.

A Good Soldier

WHEN arraigned the prisoner pleaded guilty and also to thirteen other charges of burglary. All that could be said in his favor was that he had served overseas while in his 'teens and that he had been a good soldier. He was sent to Burwash for two years less a day and was ordered to be strapped.

This is no criticism of the sentence. The writer knows the man in question personally, and gave character evidence for him at his trial, and believes that he has had his lesson, and will be a new man now that he is out again.

The same magistrate, a short time ago, tried another case of robbery while armed. Two boys, first offenders, held up a Yonge Street store, and when leaving discharged a revolver to intimidate the storekeeper and prevent pursuit. They were captured quickly and arraigned the next morning, when they pleaded guilty and were sentenced immediately. There was no character evidence and apparently no investigation of the past records of the accused who were both youths in their 'teens. They were sent to the penitentiary for seven years and sentenced to be lashed.

Again there is no criticism of the sentence. It may have been entirely correct. Certain types of crime must be treated with severity, and no one will deny that robbery while armed is one which must be sternly discouraged. But one cannot help but think that if there had been some one to give character evidence for those two boys and to plead for a second chance for them there might not have been the great difference between their sentence and that imposed on my burglar friend.

A remedy has been suggested and is being given serious consideration in the United States, particularly in New York. The plan calls for the creation of a central commission to impose all sentences. In all cases calling for a serious sentence—say, all crimes for which a man may be sent to the penitentiary—the judge who makes the conviction would report the case to the commission for sentence. He might suggest the sentence which in his opinion would be proper. But before any final decision was made there would be an independent investigation of the case. The commission would review the evidence, hear the report of its investigation, listen to any representations which might be made on behalf of the convicted man, including character evidence, and then, having due regard to its policy in all similar cases, the sentence would be pronounced.

That would result in something like uniformity. It would eliminate the palpable injustice which is so often apparent when one compares sentences imposed for similar crimes in different parts of the province.

An Ontario magistrate recently fined a man $10 for reckless driving resulting in the death of a pedestrian. It may be that there was very little negligence, but even if there was the very smallest amount which would make a man liable under the criminal law, it is hard to believe that a $10 fine was the appropriate punishment when the negligence resulted in a death.

A year or so ago a rural magistrate in Ontario sentenced a first offender to seven years in the penitentiary for stealing a sheep. That seemed to be plenty, even considering the fact that sheep stealing is regarded as a very serious offence in districts where sheep are raised in large numbers, and that formerly the penalty was death.

That recalls the story told by the ordinary of Newgate, in a book of reminiscences, of the condemned man who was asked what he would have for breakfast on the date set for his last public appearance, and who replied that in view of the fact that he was going to swing for stealing a sheep he thought that a nice bit of mutton would be very appropriate.

Speaking of rural magistrates brings to mind the old, old story of the newly-appointed magistrate in the Northwest, who had a man brought before him on a charge of stealing a rowboat. The magistrate's first duty, of course, was to frame the charge, and being new to his office and unfamiliar with legal niceties, he thumbed his copy of the criminal code long and carefully before he finally decided that as a boat had been stolen, the proper charge was piracy.

The culprit readily pleaded guilty and a conviction was registered. Then the magistrate looked further into the matter to ascertain the nature of the penalty he should impose. He was horrified to find that the sentence prescribed by the code was death. Now hanging for stealing a rowboat seemed a bit more than the case called for so he gave the matter deep thought and finally made a very neat decision. He sentenced the men to be hanged—and suspended sentence!

How Is Equity Obtainable?

THERE are two checks in Ontario on harsh and unfair sentences. One is the parole board. While its duties are concerned more with the conduct of a prisoner after his sentence is imposed, it may, and no doubt does, take into consideration the circumstances surrounding the original offence. Many a harsh and unreasonable sentence has been mitigated by the wise and merciful intervention of the parole board.

The other check is new and exists in the right of appeal in criminal cases. Until quite recently there was no appeal from the sentence imposed by the court, and there was only a limited appeal on the question of guilt. Practically the only remedy open to a convicted criminal was an appeal against the fairness or regularity of his trial. If he could show that something improper had occurred at his trial he could have a new trial. He could not, strictly speaking, appeal from his conviction.

Now in criminal cases there is a right to appeal both as to the correctness of the verdict and as to the sentence. This is an innovation in Canada since the war. Already it has proved its value.

On March 1 of this year the newspapers carried a dispatch from Quebec relating to the case of one Ganzaque Gilbert, a twenty-year-old youth of Lutuque. He had been convicted of murdering his mother and was sentenced to hang. On appeal the verdict and sentence were reversed, and he was acquitted. That is the first case in Canada in which a man sentenced to death has been acquitted by the Court of Appeal. Before the new legislation came into force his only hope would have been a new trial, with its attendant expenses and mental anguish, or a reprieve from the Government at Ottawa.

Begging the Question

AN example of how our law used to operate was seen in Massachusetts in the Sacco-Vanzetti murder case. The various appeals which were taken before the courts there, were not argued on the point as to whether the condemned men were innocent or guilty, but whether they had had a fair and legal trial.

Another outstanding case in which the Court of Appeal varied the sentence of the trial judge under the powers as conferred by the new law, was the negro in Chatham, Ont., who was sentenced to hang by Mr. Justice Fisher. In that case new evidence as to character was introduced before the Appeal Court which resulted in a commutation of the death sentence to one of imprisonment for a term of years.

But while the parole board and the Court of Appeal perform useful service in their respective spheres, they cannot be expected to do the good work which would certainly be done by a central sentencing commission. The parole board comes in after part of the sentence has been served. Its function is not avowedly to rectify justice in the courts: it is to find when a man is reformed or on the way to reformation and arrange for him to have a new chance.

The Court of Appeal has not the proper facilities for reviewing effectively all the sentences imposed in the province. It takes money to appeal and many a criminal does not have his sentence reduced only because he has not the funds to carry the matter to the Appeal Court. Glaring cases may be rectified, but it is more than one can hope for, that appeal judges, busy as they are with matters of a different nature, can give appealed sentences the consideration they require.

Justice should be even handed. Similar crimes should have similar punishments after all mitigating circumstances have been considered. It is, at least, an interesting speculation as to whether or not a central commission to impose all sentences would not be a useful factor in the administration of justice.

The Split Infinitive Once More Finds Support

LIFE becomes less rigorous and difficult with every passing decade, and to get along in the world grows easier. For example, since about 1919 it has ceased to be a crime to split infinitives. Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, lexicographer, indicates as much, and he is warmly seconded by Dr. H. W. Fowler, editor of The New Oxford Dictionary.

Both of these authorities say that to relentlessly and on every possible occasion separate the main body of the verb from its handle may not yet have become good style, but at least it does not cause a writer to swiftly be dismissed as one having no licence to ever touch a pencil.

Dr. Fowler cites numerous instances in which to not split the infinitive would be to inaccurately express the writer's thought. There are possible sentences, he says, that are clearest with the adverbal interloper placed between the "to" and the rest of the verb and obscure under any other arrangement. And the first aim of writing is, or should be, clarity.

Writers of current literature violate increasingly the old rule that, perhaps more than any other, made composition stilted and tended to discourage the spread of learning. They may do it stealthily, with an eye on priggish criticism, but they do it nevertheless. Despite the cry that "to be" is as indivisible as if it were written in one word, "tobe," and despite the warning that to intrude between the parts is as heinous as to break up a happy family, the sundering goes on. The modernistic idea is that the marriage of "to" and "be" is only a companionable one.

A prominent purist of Times Square points out, however, that it is possible, while conserving the integrity of the infinitive, to write with clearness unmistakable. It takes time and trouble, he says, but at least it does not stir up the infinitive defenders, who are still numerous and fierce.

The electrician was puzzled. "Hi!" he called to his assistant. "Put your hand on one of these wires."

The assistant did as he was told.

"Feel anything?"

"No."

"Good," said the electrician. "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other one or you'll drop dead."

Riel's Interpreter Now Living in Alberta Aged 75

INTERPRETER to Louis Reil at his trial following the unsuccessful rebellion of '84—smoker of the "pipe of peace" with the redoubtable chief Sitting Bull of the Sioux Indians—buffalo hunter on the plains with "Buffalo Bill"—"squaw-man" living the life of the free, non-treaty Cree Indian of the Rocky Mountain foothills, John Bremmer, now some seventy-five years of age, has just been "discovered" by a member of the Alberta Provincial Police while on patrol in the mountains west of Rocky Mountain House, Alberta.

Bremmer was living in Winnipeg when the first contingent of Northwest Mounted Police reached the prairie town after the long trek from Port Dufferin across the plains, in 1875.

In the course of his adventurous life, Bremner has been trapper, trader, buffalo hunter, scout—and for the past twenty years, a "squaw-man"—that is, a white man married to an Indian woman.

He acted as Reil's interpreter at the rebel's trial in 1885, using his knowledge of French and Indian languages, and his small knowledge of English, to interpret to the accused men, or on his behalf, the evidence offered.

Then, drifting still further west, Bremner hunted the sole remaining buffalo herds on the plains, chasing them from Canada into Montana. "Buffalo Bill"—W. S. Cody—hero of many a wild-west Indian fight and buffalo hunt, was a contemporary of Bremner, who remembers seeing the picturesque figure of the famous scout and hunter on many occasions.

Over the Montana line, Bremner met Chief Sitting Bull, most famed of all American Indians as the man responsible for the complete extermination of General Custer and his troops at Bull Run.

The famous chief not only smoked the pipe of peace with Bremner, but gave him the pipe as a souvenir. Bremner produced the pipe and showed it to the policeman who talked with the aged squaw-man, through an interpreter.

The pipe is two feet long, with a wonderful bowl of stone, magnificently carved. The pipe, Bremner claims, is over a hundred years old.

Quite happy with his Indian wife, the old adventurer is content to live out his life among the Cree Indians of the western foothills.

Aid Mexican Labor

Mexico recently opened a Bureau of Social Progress in its Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor. It will endeavor to secure work for the unemployed through a central agency system and by means of new industrial developments.

How Europe Handles Crime and Criminals

With widespread crime persistent in the United States it is of interest to see how Europe deals with crime and criminals. Accordingly, an investigation of foreign prisons and penology systems has been made by The Colonist and The North American Newspaper Alliance. The results are given in a series of dispatches, of which this is the sixth.

Prisons in Prussia

By HENRIETTE W. BINGHAM

Special Correspondent for The Colonist and The North American Newspaper Alliance

THOUGH the principle of educating rather than degrading criminals is finding widespread support in Prussia, even today a convict may lose his civil rights.

An increasing number of "conditional pardons" is being granted to save the early offender the stigma of prison.

Recidivism is only twenty per cent and prison population dropped from a daily average of 70,000 in 1923 to 32,000 in 1929.

In Prussia, as in all Germany, penitentiary and prison are distinct institutions. A darker stigma, often accompanied by loss of civil rights, attaches to the penitentiary.

There are minor differences in the treatment of the two classes of prisoners. Prison dress is blue or grey; that of the penitentiary is brown. Prison convicts may smoke; those of the penitentiary must not, save in exceptional circumstances.

Eight to nine hours daily work is required of prison inmates, nine to ten hours in the penitentiary. Those in prison don't have to do agricultural work; penitentiary convicts have no choice. But in respect to individual treatment no distinction is made.

In 1914 there was a daily average of 47,000 convicts in the penitentiaries and prisons. In 1923 the number had increased to 70,000. This was largely due to abnormal conditions in Germany then.

In days when it took millions of marks to buy a stamp and housewives lined up before shops by the thousand hoping through an all-day vigil to obtain a quarter pound of something to stave off hunger, no wonder prisons were crowded with wretches who took what came their way without regard to the legal aspect.

As soon as the mark was stabilized the number of prisoners lessened. Nineteen hundred twenty-four shows a daily average of 54,000 and in 1928 there were only 32,000.

Various causes contributed to this sharp drop—15,000 below 1914. The conditional pardon granted an ever-increasing number of smaller offenders doubtless plays an important role. Probation of three to five years according to the crime is allowed. If within this time the culprit's conduct is exemplary he is not compelled to serve his term. But if he transgresses in any way during this period he must serve the entire time of the first sentence, in addition to the second.

The Prussian Ministry of Justice regards this innovation as productive of very good results, and hopes for further decrease in crime through persistent, intelligent application of modern theories.

The old idea of revenge for crime has passed. It is no longer the aim of penitentiary and prison to disgrace or degrade the prisoner, but to educate him. The prisoners must not be treated as an outcast, but he is educated along lines best enabling him to cope with life when released.

Imprisonment must be utilized in every way to convert the criminal into a law-abiding citizen. He must be taught to work, but this must not be regarded as punishment. He must be brought to see that work is essential to success in life. Hence all work required of him must have a constructive, positive value.

An important recent advance in Prussian penal administration was the introduction of the gradation system. The basic idea is gradually to moderate the rules of prison life and to increase the freedom of the prisoner according to diligence and good behavior. Every prisoner starts in Grade I. Those in the penitentiary remain in this grade at least nine months, those in prison at least six months, juveniles at least three months.

No privileges are granted during this time. At the end, if general behavior admits, the prisoners are promoted to Grade II. In this grade various privileges are granted. The prisoners may have visitors, write letters more frequently, receive packages on their birthdays as well as at Christmas, have mirrors on their cell walls and photographs of family and friends; also they may have a plant to cultivate. Sunday afternoons they are allowed an hour's chat in a common sitting-room without supervision.

The third grade gives very considerable liberty. Receiving visitors, the prisoners may wear their own clothes instead of prison dress. They may spend three marks a month on additional food. During the entertainment hour they may listen to the radio or play games. They may have light in their cells till ten o'clock. Also a certain amount of self-government is allowed, whereby they appoint their own officers, held responsible for order.

These facts I obtained from the Prussian Ministry of Justice. A permit was given me to visit a women's prison, formidable, window-barred building in the heart of Berlin.

I was escorted into the office of the superintendent, a refined, intellectual-looking woman belonging to one of the oldest aristocratic families in Germany. She conducted me through the huge prison. Scrupulously clean it was, with an abundance of light and air. I saw women at work in the kitchen, in the laundry, washing windows, painting walls. I saw their individual cells, the bathrooms, school, hospital, chapel, exercise grounds. I took a bit of their dinner—it tasted good. Certainly it was wholesome. Beef stew with potatoes and sauerkraut, well cooked, well seasoned. For the sick there was boiled rice with sugar and milk.

I had no opportunity to speak more than a passing word with the prisoners, but my inspection and my conversation with the superintendent convinced me that the Prussian Ministry of Justice is making a serious, sustained effort toward the resocialization of anti-social elements.

It is too early yet to obtain reliable statistics on the success or failure of present-day prison administration in Prussia. It is safe, however, to predict that the country at large will not suffer from its endeavor to educate rather than punish, for the standard of conduct as a whole will be raised.

Summer Essay Competition

Stories of Happy Days

My Happiest Day

WITH what sense of relief did I wake up on the first morning of the Summer holidays no one could possibly realize. We were sleeping in tents by the water's edge and as we awoke we could see the sun shining on the placid water, whose still surface was only ruffled by the morning breeze. Early as it was we leapt out of our camp beds and, flinging on our bathing suits, we plunged into the cold water laughing and splashing. Feeling very refreshed and also very hungry after our swim, we went into breakfast.

Fortune favored us, for the day was hot and sunny, perfect holiday weather, and the feeling of freedom from lessons increased our happiness. Determined to make the most of the day, we set out on a long ramble in the fields nearby. As we strolled along the bees hummed lazily, now and then settling on a dusty wayside flower. Along the little path between the corn grew blue chicory and purple thistle. Gay butterflies drifted round, flashing their bright colors and flitting from flower to flower. At last we returned from our tramp, tired and dusty, with a bunch of wild flowers to grace the table.

Mother was lying down, so we prepared the lunch. This we ate "under a spreading chestnut tree," which was our only dining-room. After lunch we lay down for an hour or two with books. As I lay on my back under the trees I could see the clear blue sky, patterned as if with lace by the towering tree tops. Bees and flies hummed around me, and except for that noise the noonday stillness closed around me and gradually I drowsed into a light sleep.

When I woke up at about half-past three it was to hear the voices of the family as they were undressing preparatory to putting on bathing suits. I did the same, and soon we were enjoying ourselves in the water. Many good-natured "duckings" took place that afternoon, and after about an hour of swimming and diving we came in as hungry as anyone might expect. We all did full justice to the tea, and having cleared it away, nothing would suffice but that dad made a fourth for a game of tennis. Our court was situated in the woods at the back of the house; here it was much cooler than near the bungalow, albeit a little more infested with gnats and mosquitoes.

It was about seven o'clock when we put our racquets away.

The sun was setting behind the mountains on the other side of the water. The sky was all colors of purple, red and gold, blended as if it were the palette of some great artist. As the sun set in all his radiant glory we went out in the canoe, till the shadows of night overtook us and we paddled homewards in the dusk.

As I went to bed that night a wave of happiness came over me when I thought of the two remaining months to be spent here in blissful enjoyment and, tired in body in mind, I fell asleep.

ANGELA M. S. DAVIS,
Age 14.
621 Newport Avenue, Victoria.

My Happiest Day

WHEN looking back over the happy days I have spent I do not think any can compare to that of a few Sundays ago.

Mother had been very ill in the hospital and was recovering well enough to be allowed to come home. Of course the day before the house had to be made clean and Sunday dawned clear and bright with everything spic and span for mother's reception. Baby was washed and changed and was anticipating the return of mamma whom she had not seen for so long.

At last the taxi rolled up and mother was helped into the house.

You may imagine that it was my happiest day to know that mother was safely at home again and well out of danger and had traversed a good part of the road to recovery. I believe everyone will agree with me as to more happiness can be derived from that than the largest and best parties or such like entertainments.

JEAN GRANT,
Age 13.
619 Belton Avenue, Victoria West School.

My Happiest Day

IT was Sunday night and I was lying in bed after a most enjoyable day at Langford Lake. How I wished I could begin it over again and encounter the experience through which I had been. I began to think over the day's adventures; how, when we arrived at the lake, which was ruffled like the feathers of a dove, we were tempted at once to go swimming. After this had lasted about an hour, we decided it was time we should get dressed, we did so and then partook of a generous and delicious spread which awaited us.

The dishes were soon done and we prepared to go in the woods for a hike. This we found great fun, scampering up and down the hills picking a few of the prettiest flowers here and there while the cool breezes scurried around us. Among the animals we noticed a young deer dart across our path with the fleetness and grace among its characteristics; birds of many species flew from branch to branch chirping and singing in their contentment; a small snake startled us as he wriggled past under the shrubs.

We made our way to the tennis courts which were now only a few yards away, where we spent an hour of sport and pleasure. It passed quickly, to be sure, and we were on our way back to the beach, where we were cooled by a swim before tea. A wholesome meal was set before us, which was relished by all. Satisfied, we cleared up and prepared to go fishing. A little bait was gathered and off we went. An hour passed and we returned with our catch, consisting of two or three black bass and a few smaller sunfish.

The water was now a huge mirror, reflecting the shadows of the trees, upon which we ended our day of pleasure with a canoe ride. Tired we were but happy, too, we returned to our camp and gathered up our belongings to carry up to the car. The evening was cool and the motor ride to town formed a climax to the day.

I thought all this over in my mind before I went to sleep, for I could not realize what a wonderful time I had had. Other members of our family and my friend who was with us all exclaimed what a glorious time we all had, and I, too, before I could go to sleep confessed that today was "my happiest day."

HELEN PEDEN,
Age 15.
1312 Carnsew Street, Victoria High School.

A Day at the Beach

I HAVE had many a happy day, but one of my happiest was one my cousin, a boy, spent with me.

On his arrival we changed into our bathing suits, then raced to the beach, secured the few pieces of driftwood that there were, and with a hammer and a few nails made what we called a raft. Although it was not much of a one it would hold the two of us.

This done, we paddled up the Gorge, where we found more driftwood, which on our return we nailed to our raft. After tying a rock on the end of a strong cord for an anchor and fixing our pointer, we had completed our raft.

We then went to the house for supplies. These consisted of a lunch, extra bathing suits (to change into after our swim), two old straw hats and fishing tackle. Thus provided, we set out on our journey.

We proceeded up the Gorge, cast anchor, where it was fairly deep, and then fished. We had some fun at that, although we did not catch anything. Getting tired of this occupation, we rolled up our fishing lines and plunged into the water, almost upsetting our raft in the act.

After a long swim we heaved the anchor and beached the raft; then after changing our wet bathing suits for the dry ones, we ate our lunch.

When we again boarded our raft we drifted further up the Gorge, where we again tried our luck at fishing. Just as we were about to give it up my cousin exclaimed, "Help me! Quick! I've got a whopper!" In my excitement I ran to the edge of the raft where he was standing, tipping the raft as I did so. Away we both went into the water, line, fish and all. Luckily we had eaten our lunch and the line was not a valuable one, but we were very disappointed at losing that big fish.

As it was growing late we began our return trip, which did not take us very long. We soon changed into dry clothes and again went to the beach, where we made a small bonfire and dug and roasted clams for our supper.

It was soon time for my cousin to start on his homeward journey. As I bid him farewell and turned my steps to the house I stopped and gazed at the wondrous sunset that stretched across the west and sent a glow of happiness across my already happy heart, and I knew that that was the end of my happiest day yet.

NORA H. HARRIS,
Age 13.
345 Gorge Road W., Victoria, B.C., Tillicum School.

A Walk to Shoal Bay

ONE day I started out with mother for a walk to Shoal Bay beach. We saw a robin in the garden and he was so busy scratching for worms that he didn't have time to sing to us. As we walked on we saw wild roses dressed in lovely pink satin frocks. We stopped to admire them and they nodded to us, when a little breeze was blowing. We strolled farther along and met a family of red ants, and oh my! how hard they were working. One of them was carrying a flake of puffed rice and another was carrying home his dead brother. I wish I could have gone to his funeral. At last we reached the beach and saw Mr. Seagull washing his feet in the little waves. He did not mind when a big wave came and covered him up. The sky was blue and the water was blue. The mountains were wearing their snow-white caps and every time I looked at them I felt like eating an ice cream cone.

I had a very pleasant time playing tag with the waves.

After awhile when I felt tired we started for home. When we reached our garden robin had finished his dinner. He was singing to the flowers and I sang, too.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

GRACE COOK,
Age 9.
1018 Transit Road.

The country lady was not used to rail travel and pestered the conductor a good deal. Finally she asked, "Are you sure the train will stop if you pull that rope?"

"Oh, yes, mam."

"Well, how does it work?"

"You see, the other end is around the engineer's neck."

LITTLE TWO-EYES

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

A mother had three little girls. One had only one eye. The second had two eyes and the third little girl had three eyes.

The mother loved One-Eye and Three-Eyes more than Two-Eyes because they were not like other little girls.

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Two-Eyes had to work very hard. Every day she took the sheep far away to the big field. When she came home there was very little to eat, only what the others had left.

One day she sat in the field crying. She was hungry and very tired. By and by black smoke came from the ground near by. From the smoke came a fairy.

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A Few Thoughts for Labor Day

TOMORROW is Labor Day, and no one, from six-year-old John or Mary to father and mother, intends to do anything but play. Such a queer way, as the workers of the world have chosen to keep this newest of holidays. All hands are idle, every machine that can be spared from the world's workshop is still. Millions of working men and women will spend the day in rest and pleasure. The girls and boys who work in stores or factories have planned picnics or rides in motor cars or speedboats, or trains or buses. Mothers have put the last stitches in the pretty new frocks or suits the little people are to wear to school on Tuesday so they are free to watch and share in the frolics of the little people. Have a happy time good folks all, the happier because fathers can share in the fun.

It is, after all, a good thing that we should take time to think of work not as drudgery but as one of the greatest things in the world.

You all know the story of the first man and woman, who, because they were greedy and disobedient, had to leave the beautiful garden where they lived a life of ease and happiness and were condemned to eat their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Ever since the workers have set out to conquer the earth. First as farmers and shepherds; soon builders found places among the workers; castles and churches, roads and bridges changed the face of the world. Ships sailed over the waters, spinners and weavers clothed the workers when there were no longer skins and furs enough to protect the bodies of the people from the cold.

All this and very much more was toil of hand and body. But long, long ago men began to think and to leave their thoughts on tables of clay or stone or bark or skins for people who came after them to read over. Have you ever thought what a wonder it is that you are better or happier because some man or woman long ago sent into your mind good and beautiful thoughts.

Then there were the painters who told their stories through the eye to the heart and soul.

In this Canada of ours labor has done wonders. From the time Champlain and his friends worked in that beautiful spot in the valley we now call Annapolis, tillers of the land have toiled, changing forest and prairie into fertile fields and orchards laden with fruit. From forest and mine and sea labor has brought forth treasure. Rivers and lakes have been covered with ships great and small to bring the grain and the fruit to less favored lands. Able brains have planned the great railroads that reach from coast to coast and, strong skillful hands have constructed the roads, the engines, the cars and the other machinery that carry freight and passengers from ocean to ocean.

In a thousand workshops men and women are laboring to provide us with necessaries and comforts. Steam, electricity and even the cataracts have been harnessed. Cities, towns and villages have been built throughout the land. Truly labor has done much for our country. Just as surely will she fall into decay if sloth and idleness and love of ease conquer her sons and daughters. On this Labor Day the call comes to boys and girls entering school to prepare in their class to carry on the work their fathers and forefathers have so well begun. So will the Canada of the future be great and honored among the nations.

To the Little Folks

YOUR page has told you a lot of pretty picture-stories since Summer began. You have read, or someone has read to you, "The Pied Piper," "The Ugly Duckling." This time the editor wants you to make a book and to color the pictures prettily. The boy or the girl under ten who sends in the best book will earn a dollar. The books will be returned. The names of the children who tried as well as of the winner will be published on your page. Address, Page for Children, Colonist, and put your own name and address in the envelope with your book. It will be about six weeks after the new story begins before your book can be finished. Besides the dollar the winner of the prize, if the book is very well made and colored, shall have a pretty badge to wear.

P.S.—Every week Miss Genevieve Silvester tells you just how to make the book.

Kamchatka Canneries

Japanese firms have recently signed twenty-two contracts with the Soviet Government for the operation of fish canneries in Kamchatka. The concessions are for a ten-year period, and the factories will can salmon, crabs and caviar.

"Wisie," the Little Spitzbergen

By Ethel Seymour

IN Venice, a young soldier had a little sharp-nosed, pointed-eared, bright-eyed, long-haired, white dog of whom he tired. He gave him to a new master.

The new master took him across the strip of water which separates Venice from the long sandbar, called the Lido (where English people bathed so much last year), thinking he would give the little dog a sea bath.

Among the small, crisp wavelets breaking on the shore, George, the master's young attendant, held the little Spitzbergen upright by his paws. Quick as thought the dog snatched his paws away and ran for life.

Amongst the cottages and the fishermen he remained for three days and nights, stealing food and hiding, running like a hare and leaping like a horse when anyone tried to catch him. Perhaps he tired of that; perhaps he could not get sufficient food; for on the fourth day, in broad daylight, he leapt into the deep water and headed straight for Venice.

All the people on the Lido knew about the little dog by now, and a fisherman who, seeing him try to swim so far, rowed after him, found him lying exhausted among the weeds, and took him to his master in St. Mark's Place.

He became a different doggie now, affectionate, obedient; though still self-willed, and very self-possessed; spending most of his day sitting on the board ledge at the base of the window pillars, observing the ways and doings of the Piazza de San Marco.

Presently it was time to go home to England, by way of the St. Gothard; but the little dog was unappalled by precipices with ledges only broad enough to set his paws on; nor did the huge waterfall of the Reuss trouble him.

Arrived at Paris, he concerned himself not at all with it, caring nothing for the crowded Rue Rivoli, until one evening in the mezzanine of his master's hotel, while half asleep on a sofa, he heard a bark which seemed familiar.

From the sofa, through the open window he sprang, expecting the wide ledge on which, at Venice, he used to lie so often—and fell fourteen feet into the street below!

His master rushed down the stairs, and met the poor little brave dog—who had gathered himself up from that terrible impact with the pavement—hurrying up them, bleeding and dizzy; round and round he staggered a few times, and fell prone upon the floor. He made no moan, but except in starts and shivers he could not stir.

The veterinary surgeon summoned, said the injured dog might recover, if kept quiet in a hospital. Tenderly they placed him in a basket; the poor, speechless doggie gazing wistfully into his master's sad face, from which he could learn nothing.

His master could not stay. The hotel omnibus was waiting to take him to the station. But a cousin, luckily in the same hotel, took charge.

Through the door the little dog was taken, down the stairs, and two miles away from the hotel, along the most populated Boulevard; to find himself next day among strangers, and nearly dead.

Obedient, and grateful, he took his medicine and food; and stretched himself a little day by day. He saw that between him and the Boulevard there was but a little gate. On the fifth day, in the faint dawn, he leaped it; and along two miles of unknown, crowded Paris streets, with neither sight nor scent to guide him, he found his way to the hotel!

His master was not there. His master's cousin received him in amazement.

Again the little dog had to exercise faith; to trust the unknown man to take him to his master—to go with him from Paris—to cross the water—to land again, and journey on, not knowing all the time what evil might befall him!

Are you surprised his master called him "Wisie"—and truly he had earned the name.

In his master's English home "Wisie" lived for many years "a bright part of the day" for his master, and his master's aged mother.

His master wrote much about the city where he first met "Wisie"; one book he called "The Stones of Venice." If you can see a big Library Edition of his works, at page 230, of Volume XXIV, you will find a full page picture of St. Jerome; with a dear little cheerful dog, in the middle of the floor, sitting in a beam of sunlight, smiling up at the Saint.

Then you will know exactly what "Wisie" looked like.

How many of you know or can find out who that master was?

The Sooke District

Prize Essay by Dorothy Cogswell

AS you glance at the above title you may say, "I wonder who was the first white man to see this most beautiful place?"

History answers, "Sub-Lieut. Manuel Quimper." The next interesting person was Captain W. C. Grant, of a Scotch regiment who, losing a fortune of £7,500, gave up his army position and came to Victoria with eight men. He went to Metchosin, but not liking it, he sailed round to Sooke, where each of his men took up twenty acres of land.

Eventually his much improved property was sold in 1848 to Mr. J. Muir, of Scotland. He was very industrious and prospered greatly. His descendants still live here, not surrounded as he was by fierce Sooke Indians. Many whites have been attracted by its singular beauty and advantageous situation.

A Beautiful Peaceful Village

SOOKE, situated about twenty-three miles from Victoria, is approached by a road creeping around Sooke Harbor and over the sleepy, slow-moving Sooke River, which signifies that Sooke is near, nestling at the foot of the hills as if it were too sleepy to crawl up the mountains. Most of its charm and beauty is its quiet undisturbed atmosphere, its moss-covered cottages, its green winding lanes, all aged looking as if too feeble to do anything but reflect on their interesting past.

Everything in Sooke overlooks the sea. All the land is green forest or wide fields of grain, as Sooke is especially adapted to agriculture. Sooke doesn't sleep all the time, for forest and field are used to advantage. When the nature lover comes to Sooke he will climb Mount Shepherd, from which a view of Sooke Harbor, the Straits and Victoria is obtained. He will then walk down the east trail and cross the lovely Sooke River with its famous potholes and rushing waterfalls.

Gold at Leechtown

THE sightseer continues along the railway to Leechtown, where a miniature gold rush was staged. He will be welcomed nowadays by the only inhabitant, the mayor, for all the houses, stores and gold claims are deserted. Prospecting for gold was an important occupation at one time. Now it is but a memory. Lumbering, fishing and farming are flourishing industries in Sooke district. The tourist from the town will notice the small poultry and strawberry farms dotted along the road. Further on he passes a sawmill, then the cannery, from which may be seen the fish traps.

A different kind of enterprise is the Welfare Camp, which provides a wonderful holiday for those who cannot afford one. The Sooke village boasts three stores, two postoffices, three churches and two or three gas stations, a doctor, a barber and a dentist.

Signs of Progress

OF late great strides have been made in catering to the tourist. At Wiffen Spit an auto camp has been built up and many amusements provided. The Belvedere Hotel is the main attraction. A delightful week-end may be spent here, with boating, horse-back riding, fishing, swimming, tennis and delightful rambles to all the interesting places.

For the person who comes out just for the day the place to go to is the delightful Beach Tearoom on Inner Sooke Harbor. Here home-made delicacies may be obtained and eaten while watching bathers and boating parties. As it is, the tourist is able to spend a holiday in Sooke not easily forgotten, but this holiday in a few years' time will be even more delightful.

A Look Ahead

SOOKE is at last awaking from its sleepy, happy-go-lucky mood by realizing what a wonderful benefit it would be to itself and the North American continent to open up the surrounding country, thus providing a tourist resort which would gradually become one of Canada's most beautiful and well-known parks. It is especially adapted to this purpose, as the climate is mild in Winter, the scenery among the world's most beautiful making a paradise for the prairie visitor, or, for that matter, any inland person. This vast park or tourist resort is one bright spot in the future of Sooke, and it is hoped all will take advantage of it.

Something for You to Do

By Dale R. Van Horn

AN ALARM CLOCK FRAME

THE ordinary tin alarm clock can be turned into a thing of beauty by building this shield with an enlarged face for the front. It is built entirely of wood and when large hands have replaced the small hands on the original dial and the numbers have been attractively lettered in, the remodeled clock will be a desirable addition to any room in the home.

The face is made of a square of wood built up by gluing several narrow boards together to form a piece two feet square. Setting a compass on the corners of this square, curves are marked off on each corner and then the quarter of the circle sawed out with a key hole saw. After the sawing is done the piece can be finished up with a sheet of sandpaper. You can improve the appearance of this front by running a contrasting trim around the edge one-half inch wide and one-half inch from the edge all the way around, as shown.

Now describe two circles as indicated and space in them accurately the numerals from one to twelve. Make a hole in the exact centre for the hand shaft to go through. Cleats can be nailed across the top and bottom as desired to add further strength to the shield.

Now turn the shield over and carefully cut away a portion of the back just as large as the clock face and cut it to within one-sixteenth of an inch of the front side. The rim can be removed from the front of the clock so that the larger hands can be slipped in place when the shaft projects through.

Build a small shelf as indicated for the clock to rest upon, gluing or nailing the two pieces in place.

You can set two or three old books beneath the shelf to form a suitable support so that the improvised clock will stand upright. Or you can drop two short legs down from the back side of the shelf. This will also make it stable.

University Dean Has No Degree

ONE of American's most remarkable educationists is Edward Wilbur Berry, the dean of Johns Hopkins University. He is head of a famous university, the best post-graduate university in the United States—yet he holds no degrees and has had a very sketchy education so far as schools are concerned.

The success with which he has carried out his higher tasks in the educational realm seems to grow out of his thirst for real knowledge and his inexhaustible energy. He is a tall, thick-shouldered, muscular man, and he goes after knowledge and his daily tasks with whole-souled enthusiasm. If he has no parchments to testify to his knowledge he has a very powerful and retentive mind. As a boy he became intensely interested in geology and biology, and all his spare moments in rural New York were spent in learning and collecting rocks, fossils and plants. He used to startle his parents by bringing home collections of snakes, bugs and queer plants. He was not content to collect; he classified his specimens scientifically at a cost of hard study. His first job was that of office boy for a New York cotton manufacturer at a salary of $2 a week. It wasn't very much, but he saved a little out of it, and the savings all went into his scientific hobby. He stayed with the cotton firm, and they sent him into the South as a salesman. He still devoted his spare time to the study of science, but he had also taken up the study of French and German. He mastered both languages by hard study, sometimes sitting over his verbs till the night began to fade into dawn.

He came North again to become business manager of The Passaic Daily News, got married and joined the Torrey Botanical Club of New York City. While a member of this important organization he wrote an article dealing with the forms and ancestry of tulip trees, and it was awarded a prize by the Boston Society of Natural History. He had by this time been recognized by scientists as an authority of sorts on paleobotany. His vigorous independence of mind impressed the older savants. He was really noticed, however, when he boldly locked horns with a prominent geologist over the question of the geological history of some well-known sand-dunes. A debate was arranged between the two and Berry won it. In the audience was William Bullock Clark, state geologist of Maryland and a member of the Johns Hopkins University. He offered Berry the position of field assistant on the Maryland Geological Survey. Berry borrowed a few hundred dollars and moved his family and his scientific collections to Maryland. Since then he has forged ahead in the scientific and educational world. He became assistant in paleobotany at Johns Hopkins in 1907, instructor in 1918, associate in 1911, full professor in 1917 and dean of the undergraduate school in 1929. He has also won, outside recognition, for he has been geologist of the United States Geological Survey since 1910, president of the Paleontological Society of America, and vice-president of the Geological Society of America. He has written some 300 scientific books and treatises. He has roamed all over North and South America. One season was spent in a study of the Andes Mountains.

Edward Wilbur Berry

Thirty-Six Years in the Arctic—Thrives On It

Jan Weihl

JAN WEIHL, who is in Edmonton awaiting a return to New Siberian Islands via Aklavik and Herschell Island, has had a life replete with romance and it has left him at three score years with a youthful vigor and energy of which many a younger man softened by over-civilization might be highly proud. He has spent thirty-six years in the Arctic and claims to have discovered a race of pigmy Eskimos. The men weigh fifty pounds and less and the women from thirty-six to forty pounds. The babies tip the scales at a pound and a half. There is a firm belief among the Eskimo tribes that these pigmies were in some way transferred to this planet from another, and judging by their skyward gestures Mr. Weihl gives Mars the questionable honor.

The northerner also had a hand in the discovery of the largest meteor stone the world has ever seen. He was with the Eskimo Nean-Ko when it was found. The stone is 1,200 feet in circumference, weighs 500,000 tons and fell on a huge iceberg, making a large indentation therein.

On the New Siberian Islands the traveler has a trading post, dealing with furs, merchandise and fish. His official position is that of police magistrate, Eskimo chief and judge of the court. He believes that the far north of Canada is a treasure house of mineral wealth.

Madame Frances Alda "Simply Loathes" the Australians

NO doubt about it, Madame Frances Alda is decidedly temperamental.

The world-famous diva's latest outburst occurred when she reached Vancouver on her way from Australia to New York, where she went to take the soprano part of "Mimi" in "La Boheme" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Australia and the Australians were the target of the singer's wrath. On this, her first professional visit to the Antipodes, Alda had been rather coolly received by the critics, and the patronage had been decidedly meagre.

"I simply loathe Australia and all her people," exclaimed the diva. "I shall never go there again. They are intellectually unable to appreciate the efforts of a great artist. It is a waste of time and talent to sing to them. I made no secret of my disapproval of that country while I was there, and just before I left I told the reporters that I would certainly hammer it for all I was worth on my return to America. I repeat, I loathe the place."

"What about New Zealand?" she was asked.

"Oh, that's different," she answered. "New Zealand is a lovely place. Lovely scenery. Lovely people. Lovely climate. Business was absolutely rotten there, too, but I enjoyed myself immensely anyway."

"You were born there," she was reminded.

"That has absolutely nothing to do with it," she flared back. "I was only three months old when I left New Zealand, and I had never been back, so that local pride could have nothing to do with it. It was as strange a land to me as Australia, but, ah! how different!"

Madame Alda appeared in the best of health, full of vivacity and spirits. She spoke with an East London accent that contrasted oddly with her precisely correct enunciation when singing. Her dress consisted chiefly of an ungainly red cloak of vivid design that flapped about her person like a dressing gown, but the incongruity of her costume did not disconcert her in the least.

An obsequious steward shifted her immense pile of baggage, but not at all to her satisfaction. She berated him thoroughly.

"I wonder why you stewards have to be so stupid?" she inquired. "I've given you five dollars to look after my stuff, and see the mess you're making of a simple job! And I gave you $30 in tips during the voyage, too!"

Musical Soup

Two members of a club were discussing the table manners of a new member.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked one.

"Really dreadful, replied the other. "I've heard soup gargled, and I've heard it syphoned, but, upon my soul, it's the first time I've ever known it to be yodelled!"

Sure Fiction

Man (entering big book shop): "I want a book called 'Man, the Ruler of the World'."

Girl Assistant: "I'm not sure that we have it, sir; but it sounds to me like the fiction department."

"Down With Bachelors" Says Hon. "R. B." Smilingly

WINDERMERE, in the Kootenay District of British Columbia, has been visited by Hon. R. B. Bennett, leader of the Conservative party, and will not soon forget that impressive gentleman. Mr. Bennett made one of his important political speeches at a big picnic in the little Kootenay town, but it is not by that that he will be remembered. It is for something far more whimsical than any array of trade statistics can possibly be.

There was a big crowd at the picnic, and not all those present could get a good view of the speaker. One small boy, probably moved more by a desire to get into the limelight than to profit by the pearls of wisdom that might fall from the lips of the distinguished visitor, wriggled himself forward until he got right up to the platform and scrambled to a seat under the chairman's table.

A slight breeze came up as Mr. Bennett was speaking. Some of his pages of notes fluttered off the table and descended on the boy, who up to then had not been noticed by the Conservative leader.

"My lad," said Mr. Bennett, in a dramatic voice as he stooped to gather his scattered manuscripts, "if any more of this speech falls upon your head, and its meaning manages to get through, you will be a wiser fellow than many adult Canadians have shown themselves at election time."

Earlier in the day Mr. Bennett had been the guest of honor at a luncheon. A lady speaker, rather tactlessly, made a direct reference to the number of bachelors prominent in Canadian public life.

Mr. Bennett chose to pretend that he was not among those specifically aimed at in the implied censure.

"I quite agree with the lady's opinion of bachelors of note," he said. "I strongly object to such men as Premier King, Mr. E. W. Beatty and Mr. W. K. Ealing, the member for East Kootenay, not accepting the responsibility of marrying and settling down and becoming good citizens of Canada."

Helen Wills Objects to Unauthorized Use Of Portrait

ATTORNEYS for Helen Wills, tennis star, in a recent letter to London publishers have called attention to an advertisement for a patent medicine which has appeared in a number of British newspapers. Miss Wills' portrait was thrice inserted in this advertisement without her knowledge, they say, and its inclusion has been injurious, in view of her amateur status.

They further aver that the famous tennis player has never resorted to the nostrum advertised, and enter protest against the unauthorised use of her name.

The action of Miss Wills' lawyers indicates that a concerted movement on the part of noted athletes to protect themselves from undesirable exploitation by unscrupulous business firms is well under way. Only recently a jury of the High Court of Justice awarded Cyril Tolley, amateur golf champion of Great Britain, damages aggregating £1,000 against well-known chocolate manufacturers of Bristol, on the ground that he had been libeled in a caricature advertisement which appeared without his knowledge or consent in sixty-four papers in England, Wales, Ireland and the Channel Islands. Mr. Tolley, who said he wished only to protect his amateur status, offered to withdraw from the prosecution, if the defendants gave equal publicity to the statement that he had not profited in any way by the offensive publication, but they refused.

Forced to Talk Until Diplomat's Check Was "Marked"

THE office of financial director of the secretary of the League of Nations calls for a great deal of tact as well as wide knowledge of the resources of the many countries that have entered the federation. Sir Herbert Ames, who resigned his seat in Parliament as Member for St. Antoine Division of Montreal in 1920 to accept that onerous position, had to perform many miracles of finance in the early days of the existence of the league, not the least of his troubles being the collection of dues from small and impoverished states that insisted on having a great deal to say at Geneva, but were exceedingly reluctant to meet their financial obligations.

SIR HERBERT AMES

On one occasion, when the treasury was exceedingly low and heavy commitments had to be met, Sir Herbert very diplomatically suggested to the representative of one of these small states—let it be called Lilliput—that a settlement of arrears would be in order.

"My very dear friend, you shall have a cheque tomorrow," declared the Lilliputian.

The plenipotentiary was as good as his word. He showed up next day at Sunderland House, London, at that time the headquarters of the financial secretariat, and duly tendered a cheque for the full amount due.

The cheque was not marked "accepted," though this was one of the cardinal rules.

Sir Herbert took the cheque, scribbled a few words on a slip of paper, and rang for his secretary.

"Make out an official receipt for Lilliput," he instructed that functionary.

"Certainly, sir," said the secretary. Then he glanced at the slip of paper, and added:

"It will take a few minutes to get the correct forms."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Lilliputian, genially. He did not know that the slip of paper contained the words:

"Rush over to the bank and see if this cheque is O.K.!"

As it happened, the man from Lilliput was one of those strong silent men who let the other fellow do all the talking. The duty of filling in time clearly devolved on Sir Herbert Ames.

"I am not particularly good at this kind of business," confessed the Montreal knight in relating the incident a few years later, "but I did my best. I could remember only six entertaining stories, and I told them all. Never have I so regretted that I am not naturally longwinded, but my nature and training are against it.

"It seemed to me that my secretary was taking a terribly long time to go to the bank, and I thought that perhaps he was trying to convince the banker that he should mark that cheque in spite of a shortage. He was the kind of secretary who would try that, even on an English banker.

"The Lilliputian was getting slightly restless. In desperation I started telling him a humorous story, the first of the six I had already told him. I couldn't think of anything else to say. He blinked in polite surprise, but he heard me through and laughed heartily at the finish.

"As I was about to begin on my second story for the second time my secretary entered the room. I couldn't read anything in his face, but I felt mightily relieved when he laid an official receipt in front of me and apologized for the long delay.

Mrs. Newbride: "When you found you couldn't accept the invitation to our wedding, why didn't you send your regrets?"

Miss Ryval: "Oh, I thought you'd have enough of your own pretty soon, dear.

Old Methods No Longer Suffice Says Mr. Rowntree

MR. S. Seebohm Rowntree, head of the well-known York firm of cocoa and chocolate manufacturers, was one of the few British representatives at an international conference on Rationalisation, which was held in Paris recently. In a Yorkshire Post interview he says:

"Unless we in England keep pace with other countries in studying the art of management, we are going to be left behind. Old methods will no longer suffice. There is a science of business management, just as there is a science of medicine, and it is necessary for men to be trained for management, just as they are trained to be doctors or lawyers.

"England cannot afford to neglect the systematic study of the best method of conducting her industries. Hitherto she has been able to compete more or less successfully with countries with low wages, such as Poland and Italy, because her industrial methods have been so far in advance of theirs.

"But now there is in those countries an enthusiastic determination to adopt the most scientific methods of administration and management, with a view to eliminating all waste from industry, and securing the lowest possible costs of production. It should not be long, therefore, before these countries adopt methods fully equal to those obtaining in this country, and then their competition is going to be very much more severe.

"I am aware, of course, that in England we have some factories managed as well as any in the world; but I am afraid it is undoubtedly true that there is in this country a larger mass of cynicism regarding scientific management than there is anywhere else in the world. There is a larger proportion of men in charge of businesses who do not recognize the need for any intellectual preparation for the job of management.

"There is a larger proportion of people who think that just because a man is his father's son he can manage the business which his father managed. The fact is that the pace of industry is very rapidly increasing, and the standard of efficiency needed for success is rapidly rising. The British are second to none in technical matters, but they have been inclined to neglect the questions of administration and organisation."

Kurenko Was Glad to Adopt Natives' Footwear

A CHARMING story is told in one of Ontario's growing cities about the Russian soprano, Maria Kurenko. Madame Kurenko's voice is familiar to all radio fans, for she has sung frequently from both Toronto and New York.

Several Winters ago, Kurenko was to sing in this city. Arriving at her destination in an automobile, what was her consternation to find that between her car and the auditorium was a stretch of deep, slushy snow. She gazed with despair from her satin shod feet to the slush. How could she ever get through without ruining her slippers?

At this critical moment, a lady hurried from the building to the car, a lady on the reception committee. Kurenko looked to see how she got through the snow. Oh, she had something on over her slippers—not rubbers—what was the English word? Kurenko could not remember.

So, with a winning smile, and in delightful, broken English, she pointed to the lady's goloshes, saying, "Will you let me have dose?"

The transfer was quickly and graciously made, and the petite singer got safely through the slush, her satin slippers unharmed!

World's "Big Stick" as Foreseen by George Bernard Shaw

GEORGE Bernard Shaw is making the British critics guess with his new play entitled "The Apple Cart." It was produced recently in Warsaw. It is an obscure treatment of the democratic system of Government, in which he looks ahead for nearly half a century. The world appears as a system of republics run on soviet lines with a League of Nations fleet ruling the seas. Britain and the United States appear to be pretty much as they are today, but finally the latter country expresses the desire to become a dominion of the British Empire. Truly a fantastic play!

Provincial Secretary of Ontario Is Great Baseball Fan

BASEBALL has no more ardent admirer than the Hon. Lincoln Goldie, Provincial Secretary for Ontario. A man who has made great success in the business, political and private world, he has always found time to be interested in sport of all kind, but particularly baseball.

HON. LINCOLN GOLDIE

He is a regular fan, watches the standing of the Toronto professional team, how the members play ball, attends the games, whenever and wherever possible, and admits his enthusiasm.

When the "Leafs" opened the season in Newark this year he journeyed from Atlantic City to see them in action. He watched them carefully for several games and upon returning to Toronto and being asked if he had a good holiday he said: "The team looks fine."

In his younger days Mr. Goldie was a ball player of some repute himself, playing for his home team of Guelph. Recently rumor had it that he might resign for the Ontario Government and take the position of coach on the Toronto team. This was treated as a joke, but he took a lot of pleasure out of it.

As secretary, Hon. Mr. Goldie is a rare figure in public and political life. He never aspired to be member of Parliament and would not twist the truth to gain a thousand votes. He says what he is convinced is true at all times and is one of the few Cabinet Ministers of any Government who seldom come in for the fire of the Opposition members of the House.

He was born on November 11, 1864, in Guelph. Was raised, educated, and married in that city in 1902. His father, James Goldie, was a miller and held the esteem of all who knew him. Lincoln followed in his footsteps and was asked on several occasions to run for the Provincial Parliament.

"Too busy; can't get away from business" was his excuse time after time. During the war he was a Member of the Dominion Wheat Board and was a great power. He handled millions of bushels of grain and tremendous amounts of money. A few years after this he retired from business and in the election of 1923, business alibi gone, no excuse to offer, he ran for office. "I may get a few votes from some U.F.O. men who knew my father—but not many," he said. He was elected by a great majority.

Premier G. Howard Ferguson, knowing his reputation, ability and straightforward manner, asked him to come a Member of his Cabinet a week after he was elected. Goldie said that he was greatly surprised, but accepted. Until the first Cabinet meeting he had never met, or even seen, over half the Cabinet Ministers.

Rumor has it that he may resign before the next election. If he does drop out of the field he will leave behind him the same reputation that he has in the world of sport, "a clean shooter."

Wigmaker's Art

Wigs, ever a subject for jest, are still widely used in the United States. The work of making them is one requiring expert training. Each wig must be made specially, great care being taken to see that all hair is alike in color and of the same shade as the future wearer's natural hair. First a wax impression of the head is made to get the exact contour. Then each hair is punched into the artificial scalp with a fine needle having a tiny fork at the end.

Typesetter, Aged 83, Is Oldest Odd Fellow In America

GEORGE W. Rockett, of Sommerville, Mass., is the oldest Odd Fellow in the United States, and is here seen at his printing shop, where he has set type for fifty years. He has just been elected for the thirty-first time as Provincial Treasurer of the Massachusetts district. He is eighty-three and continues to go around the country attending I.O.O.F. functions, never missing a day at the shop.

"Psychographologist" Finds Much in Signature

IF you have committed a burglary, or intend to commit one, or if you have a secret weakness that you do not want discovered do not send a letter in your own handwriting to Mr. Frederick D. Jacob, the Dominion Government's official "psychographologist" at Ottawa, for this quiet, mild-mannered little man's job consists of translating handwriting in terms of character of the person behind it.

"Graphology is based on observation, backed by common sense," Jacob affirmed, as he illustrated his points with prepared handwriting specimens. "The timid man who gives you a weak, fleshy handshake writes a timid, weak hand. The man with a virile grasp writes a firm hand. Every act of a man's life bears the stamp of his personality and the manner of performance corresponds with the character of the performer. Hence handwriting is a definite record of the mind behind the pen."

Mr. Jacob began the study of graphology during his newspaper days and by noticing the peculiarities in the signatures of the great and the near-great on hotel registers he worked out his own formulas covering 'bem. Those he has checked by years of experience and against the observations and experiences of other graphologists, and he insists that they are dependable.

On one occasion when the Federal Government was being sued for a sum of over a million dollars a letter containing the handwriting of the plaintiff was submitted to Jacob. "The person concerned," he reported to the department, "is suffering from a mental disease and will shortly die." The man died in a short time from the effects of a stroke. Jacob had observed signs of abnormal blood pressure. He holds that questions of health, such as disorders of the brain, heart and digestive system, are invariably revealed by handwriting.

Educators Gather in Elsinore Castle of Tragic Fame

SEVERAL hundred educators, who for years have taught the young idea to recite "To be or not to be," recently met as the International School Congress in the castle at Elsinore, where Prince Hamlet lived. For this seaport of Denmark on the east coast of the Island of Zealand, some thirty miles north of Copenhagen, is the scene of the play. And Saxo Grammaticus, the historian from whose chronicles Shakespeare derived the material for his tragedy, was born in Elsinore. The castle stands at one end of the town. On the flag battery below its imposing walls one may imagine Hamlet pacing in colloquy with the ghost of his father. Visitors are shown a pile of rocks surrounded by trees that is called the grave of the prince, and Ophelia's brook is named with a faith founded more firmly in poetry than in duller actuality.

From the turrets of the castle—one of which is today used as a lighthouse—there is a broad, sweeping view of the waterways and the surrounding country. The Danes call Elsinore Helsingor, and the Swedish town of Helsingborg is but three miles away across the sound.

Within the castle where Shakespeare placed the scene of the play there is one chamber that has a separate tragic historical interest. It was here that Queen Mathilde, wife of King Christian VII and sister of the English George III, in whose reign the American Revolution took place, was imprisoned before she was taken to Hanover.

New Canal in South

The Intracoastal Canal Association of Louisiana and Texas has recently assured the Secretary of War that it will meet the required conditions as to facilities, terminals and floating equipment laid down in the Rivers and Harbors Act of January 21, 1927, which provides for the construction of an intracoastal waterway from the Mississippi River at or near New Orleans to Corpus Christi, Texas. Facilities for the New Orleans-Sabine River section of this waterway will be sufficient to handle at least 800,000 tons of commerce annually, it is said.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julia A. Dimock

Fruit From the Ground Up

A Series of Six Articles, Written From Actual Experience on Making a Small Fruit Farm on Vancouver Island

WHEN Henry and I left the Prairie to come to British Columbia we had a little less than one hundred dollars, small enough capital to start a new home in a new land. We had been hailed out three successive seasons. One morning the sun shining over acres of beautiful grain, like a billowing golden sea, spelling prosperity and success to the farmer; and the night falling upon stricken fields, the wheat flattened to the ground, emblem of blasted hopes and a hungry Winter.

We had stood it as long as we could. Another year of failure would mean complete ruin. So we sold our homestead, our horses, our cow, our machines, and with what they brought, purchased ten acres of small fruit land on Vancouver Island, British Columbia

We had heard glowing accounts of British Columbia fruit farms, and the wonderful climate prevailing in that favored part of Canada. We relished the idea of "snowless Winters," "gardens blooming all the year round," "Golf every day in the year." Not that either of us ever dreamed of the luxury of playing golf, but the phrase had a happy, care-free sort of sound which intrigued us.

Household Effects

WE had as household effects, one tent, one camp stove, two canvas cots, some dishes, pots and pans and a few wedding presents. We knew we should have to camp out. Our property had not been cleared. But the agent dilated upon the advantages of living in a tent. We could, he informed us, live in that fashion all the year round.

"Just pitch it beside the stream and there you are, running water, wood to hand. What more does anyone want?"

"There's food—" Henry suggested.

"In a year's time you'll be growing all the berries you can eat. In two years time you'll be selling fruit and making money."

So it was with light hearts and glowing hopes that we left the homestead, hardly giving a glance behind us. We were young. Only three years married, and if those three years had spelled financial misfortune, it was through no fault of ours. So we set our faces westward with the zeal and the spirit of conquerors.

From England

I HAD come from England five years before to teach school in the little Prairie town where Henry's family lived. His people had migrated from New Brunswick when he was a lad. They had been farming folk since they first came to Canada. Henry used to tell me of the early days in Canadian history, when, after the Revolution, his great, great grandparents, who had fought for the king, had been given grants of land following the war and had gone to live along the River St. John when the country was only a wilderness, infested with Indians and wild animals.

"They knew nothing of farming in those days. It was forced upon 'em," said he. "They'd lived on Manhatten Island in a fine house with lots of nigger servants and my great grandfathers were both soldiers. The only tools they'd ever used were their swords. But they contrived to build a home, clear the land, plant it. One of these days I'll take you back there and show you what they accomplished."

I reminded Henry of this later.

When we saw the property we had bought for a fruit farm, we could not believe our eyes. I don't know just what we expected, but certainly not this. We stood there at the roadside where the driver of the Ford carryall had dropped us, surrounded by our goods and chattels, and stared at one another in bewilderment.

A Mountain

A VERY steep hillside was before us, "a mountain," Henry called it. "Densely wooded. No sign of any way up. We had come out alone. The agent who sold us the place wanted us to wait until the next day when he could bring us himself. But we were so eager—

A man leading a horse along the road, stopped and spoke to us. There was a trail, he said. And he tied his horse to show us.

It was a pretty winding way and at once I loved it. It smelled so sweet, and it was cool and shady. Trees whose names I didn't know then made it very beautiful with their foliage and their blossoms. Arbutus, shining-leaved, with a bright red bark, dogwood showing creamy petalled flowers like placid stars, syringa with waxen-white blossoms sweet as honey; spirea just beginning to hang its lacy tassels; maples, alders and willows of course, and firs and cedars, the latter splendidly tall, with great sheltering branches. They were the mothers of the forest.

A Perfect Grove

REACHING the top I gave an exclamation of delight. Here was a beautiful level, green stretch like a park, studded with trees and clean of underbrush. About half an acre of it. And all around it the forest. To be sure it was more or less rocky. But it was a real little grove as perfect as though someone had made it specially for us. Here, I said to Henry, should eventually be our home.

But we did not pitch our tent there, because we wanted to be near the stream, which ran through the bottom of the ravine, which bounded one side of our property. We built a sort of leanto of boughs for a dining-room and kitchen, set up our stove out there and started housekeeping before night.

Our guide had assured us that the high land was the best in the world for growing small fruit like strawberries and logans. He had also enlightened us as to the expense of clearing, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars an acre. "I don't believe it cost your forefathers that," I told Henry, "and they had to cut down hardwood forests."

"Of course it didn't," he maintained stoutly, "they had only an axe, too, or a pocket knife. We'll show the people in this country—"

That night it rained. The tent leaked. Everything got wet. We decided that the very first thing we should do was to build a house.

A Log Cabin

IT should be on top of the hill, in the midst of the park, and every bit of it should be the work of our hands, and every stick of it should come from the land. It would be a log cabin.

But first we must have tools. Two axes, a large one and a small one for me. Two saws, one of them a cross-cut, a brace and bit, two hammers, a crow bar, a pick, a spade, a shovel, a rake. Our capital was dwindling alarmingly. Henry said we must call a halt.

"But we must have nails," I suggested, "rather a lot of nails."

"We'll make treenails," said Henry.

There was an army of small cedars marching up the side of the ravine. Very straight and symmetrical and all of a size, about eight inches in diameter. These should form the walls of our house.

They were easy to fell and by putting a rope around them and with me steading the end, Henry could readily drag them up the slope

"Treenails"

WHILE Henry was felling and preparing the trees, I was making treenails. Treenails is the dictionary name and they are probably the most primitive articles used in the art of carpentry. We know that they held together the timbers of the Argos, and the brave ship in which Odysseus had his many adventures. I felt myself a link with the mighty past as I sat in the shade, and smoothed and rounded with my little hatchet the straight cedar stakes which had been split from a log by Henry. In length they were twelve inches and when finished about one inch in diameter. The beauty of treenails is that they will last for all time. At least that is one of their beauties. They are neat, clean and sweet-smelling. They suggest the labor of artistic hands. And, as one works away at them, one has dreams of the Argonauts, the heroes of Troy, Phoenician galleons . . .

We did not dig a foundation. We left that for later and started at once upon the erection. The house should be thirty by twenty, and we decided not to have an upstairs, although that had been a feature of our first design.

The Foundations

HENRY dug two trenches about six feet deep and the width of the cabin, twenty feet apart. In these he placed six uprights, rather heavy logs, six feet long, which were to hold the sills. The sills were two more heavy logs, thirty feet in length, for which we cut two trees on the outskirts of our level land, as they would be too cumbersome to haul up the slope. Across the sills were placed eight smaller logs which were to be the foundation for the floor

We were obliged to buy some flooring and we also decided that it would be necessary to purchase window frames. That took another ten dollars. The flooring was second grade shiplap, and the three window frames cost four dollars and a half

Once the floor was laid it was a simple matter to place the logs which had all been prepared. Holes were bored with the brace and bit in the grooves which Henry had cut, within a foot of each end. Through there were driven the treenails. The logs fitted with beautiful nicety. When we had the walls seven feet in height we put the rafters in place.

Infinite Patience

HENRY is naturally a very methodical person and possessed of infinite patience. Anyone would think from the very beginning of the building that he must have served his time as a carpenter's apprentice, when, as a matter of fact, the only things he had ever constructed in that line were a chicken coop and a small kitchen cupboard for me at the Prairie farm. But I do believe that the instinct of building has passed down through the ages, and, given a well-ordered mind, one's hands instinctively fall into the nice fashioning of timbers. Perhaps, too, the very reason that an amateur often makes a more artistic and successful job than a real artisan would with the same materials and make-shift appliances, is because the tyro has no modern training to interfere with his prehistoric instincts, and he works away naturally and uncomplainingly, making the very best of what he has

At all events there were the rafters all ready, neatly grooved. They were cut so that there would be a pitch of less than a third, and an allowance made for a projection of two feet. They were placed about twenty inches apart. I helped in the fitting of the long ridge pole and the putting of the rafters in position. This was hard work but eminently satisfactory. In fact, when the skeleton roof was up, we quite disliked the idea of covering it was anything less rustic than vines or boughs. But one must be practical. There must be a watertight top for our heads.

A Sylvan Touch

FIRST, however, we made the gable ends, and, another sylvan touch—split cedar logs for those, the bark side out, and we stood them up right, making a nice contrast to the walls.

"The House That We Built"

Front View of Log Cabin Built by Young Couple in Carving New Home Out of Vancouver Island "Wilderness."

Manufactured shingles are expensive and unromantic. We should not use them. Out on the Indian reservations, the unlovely and decrepit old lodges are roofed with cedar shakes which have defied time. Why should we not follow this ancient fashion? Already we were so indebted to the cedars that we felt like offering homage to them like the natives themselves used to do. And Henry was becoming so skilled an axeman that he rather gloried in new tasks. The splitting of the shakes from a nice, clean cedar block is delightful work. I left my own duties to watch him. They come off the parent stem in beautiful, thin, symmetrical slices, and with very little effort, so long as the axe is sharp and the eye accurate. We made a large pile of them convenient to hand; and, the roof not being very steep, I was able to go up alongside of Henry and be of great assistance. I even did a bit quite by myself.

The Windows

THEN came the cutting of the logs for the windows. We had made allowance for the door in the beginning. Two of our six-paned windows faced south and we put them lengthwise and end to end, giving us a wonderful wide view of tree tops and distant sea and mountains. The other, also put in lengthwise, looked to the west, and Henry arranged them so that they would slide open all the way. Of course we put in the glass ourselves. From all of our windows and from our door, we had the most beautiful vistas at any and every time of the day or night.

There were a few logs left over, and of these Henry made a pergola of sorts across the front of the cabin, and with our united efforts, two flat boulders were heaved into place for the doorstep.

Our logs had all been of such uniform size that chinking was, I thought, hardly necessary. But Henry insisted. Piles of fragrant moss was brought from the rocks, and it took us two days to finish this job which was more tedious than anything we had undertaken in connection with the cabin. But it was the one last touch to make the place perfect. Standing back and looking at it when it was finally completed, Henry said to me with pardonable pride:

"Looks as if it belonged, doesn't it. Just as though it had grown up there itself, part of the landscape?"

Which, after all, was the highest praise.

(To Be Continued)

Holstein Heifer Sets High Record

A 15,000-pound two-year-old Holstein has just been developed by Colony Farm, Essondale, B.C., her performance in the R.O.P totalling 15,203 pounds milk and 668.75 pounds butter with an average test of 3.52 per cent fat in the 365-day division. The heifer, Colony Beets Canary, was sired by Colony Koba McKinley 10th, a XX sire with several creditable R.O.M. daughters, while the dam, Colony Beets Newman, made as a three-year-old, 20,028 pounds milk and 775 pounds butter, she, a daughter of Aggie Cornucopia Newman, who has thirty-eight tested daughters with yearly records running up to 24,468 pounds milk and 1,068.75 pounds butter and an average of 3.56 per cent fat made by Colony Sena Newman, 36,010.

Potato Rows One Mile In Length

WHAT is said to be the largest potato cellar in the world is in Scott County, Kan., and is owned by A. M. Bates and C. E. Foster. The cellar, located near Shallow Water, is 400 feet long and has a capacity of 225 carloads. Last year Bates and Foster planted approximately 1,000 acres of two varieties—Irish Cobbler and Bliss Triumph. The crop proved successful, some yields ranging as high as 300 bushels an acre, but owing to an uncertain market the huge cellar was built for storage purposes. This year Bates and Foster planted more than 3,000 acres to potatoes, mostly in Scott County. It is their plan to increase the acreage to 5,000 next year. The rows are a mile long.

Thirteen hundred seeding Asiatic chestnut trees have been planted by the United States Forest Service in the Arnolds Valley of the Natural Bridge National Forest in Virginia. This is an effort to find a tree that will resist the blight that has almost denuded the mountains of the native chestnut.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

THE Campanulae, or Bellflowers, are indispensable rock-garden flowers, and a representative selection offers remarkable variety. Some kinds are of erect growth, with cup-shaped flowers, some, also of erect growth, produce graceful pendent bell-shaped blooms; while others, again, are of prostrate habit of growth or form dense little carpets covered with dainty bells of blue or white.

The rock-garden Campanulas are nearly all of easy culture, though there are some that need special consideration.

Among the easily grown Campanulas which should be in every rock-garden, the following will be found to be a good selection

Campanula Carpatica (Carpatian Bellflower)—This is an easy and indispensable plant. It is erect, open, flattish blooms, varying in color from blue to white. It reaches a height of about ten inches and soon forms a big patch. It should be grown in the rougher parts of the rockery or near the edge of a walk

Campanula Glomerata (Clustered Bellflower)—The taller varieties are rather too big for the average rock-garden but can be used in the very large one as background plants in the rougher parts. There is, however, a dwarf variety called Campanula glomerata acaulis, which is a very excellent rock-garden kind. It is best grown on the flat and is not particular as to soil.

Campanula Portenschlagiana (Portenschlag's Bellflower)—This is also known as Campanula muralis and is one of the most useful of the rock-garden Campanulas. It is a most attractive wall plant and is not particular as to soil or situation. It will grow in sun or partial shade and has purple flowers

Campanula Pusilla—This is a well-known and showy little plant from the South of Europe, of tufted growth, glossy green leaves and dainty drooping bells of blue, pale blue or white, sometimes called "Witches' Thimbles" or "Fairy Thimbles." It is excellent in a wall or on the flat and does very well in the moraine

Campanula Rotundifolia (The Common Harebell)—This is often known as "The Bluebell of Scotland." This is a very easy plant to grow and is indifferent as to soil or situation. There are many varieties such as C. Hostii, C. Linifolia, C. Macrorhiza, and others. The color is various shades of purple-blue and white

Among the rarer kinds of Campanulas, some of which are a little more particular as to soil and situation, the following will prove themselves as very charming subjects for the rock-garden.

Campanula Barbata (Bearded Bellflower)—This is so called because of the hairs inside the blooms. Easy to grow but apt to die after flowering, through rot setting in at the base. It therefore requires a well-drained soil, containing plenty of stones. It is found wild in the Alps. It has flowers of blue or white and is about ten inches tall.

Campanula Elatines—A beautiful but rather troublesome North Italian rock plant, needing a crevice between sunny rocks. The starry flowers on trailing branches resemble, somewhat, those of Campanula Garganica

Campanula Excisa—This is a singular little plant found wild on the Swiss Alps, looking as if a small hole had been punched out of the lower lobes of the tiny drooping bells, which are purple. It dislikes lime and should be grown in the moraine. It is of spreading growth and seems to prefer a cool spot

Campanula G. F. Wilson—This is a pretty hybrid raised near Edinburgh many years ago. It has drooping bells of violet-blue. It should be grown on the flat or in the moraine

Campanula Garganica—Everyone likes this handsome Italian plant. It has open starry flowers and is seen at its best hanging over a rock. It is also a good moraine plant and does well in a wall. It likes a light soil in the sun

Campanula Pulla—Although this little bell flower is said to be of easy culture, it does not always prove so and many people loose it. In nature it grows in limestone, but in cultivation, some say that it dislikes lime. It likes a cool place in well-drained gritty soil and may be grown in the moraine. It is four inches high and has deep violet drooping bells.

There are any number of Campanulas that are worth growing, but the above described will give anyone a representative collection.

Plumbago larpentes is a good plant with blue flowers for the rock garden or flower border. It is a low-growing perennial starting to flower now and will continue flowering late into the Fall

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

NOW is the time when all the new pullets must be installed into the quarters they are to occupy during the coming laying season, this because the normal birds must have a chance to settle down before they come on to lay early in October and because the backward ones, started on the layer's mash and provided with the warmth, protection and scratching of a Winter house, will be encouraged to buck up about the laying of their first egg. Conversely, if the pullets are moved into their Winter house when they have begun to lay, they will probably go off into a partial moult, with its consequent reduction in eggs; also the later hatched hens will find no incentive to laying and will hang about until December is in. About-to-lay pullets are worth their weight in gold. But they cannot possibly give us their maximum profit if we do not plan well ahead. These birds will be laying right through the Winter, and that means that they will require a "Winter" house

The important point is that this Winter house is prepared now. It is of no use putting pullets in a makeshift house and hammering about and disturbing them, say, in October. But the question is how to get suitable houses free. Well, you will be making the general reorganization of the poultry yard and that is when you will get your chance. First of all, there are the last year's pullets. You will divide them into three classes, of course, the breeders, the layers and the sellers. The first you will put all together until pen-mating time comes; the second will also be amalgamated into one pen, moulted and cared for as two-year-old hens should be. The remainder, together with any other useless old stock, should have been sold off or eaten at home some time ago. At any rate, you will have to get rid of them as soon as possible now.

The Preliminary Cleaning

THIS "general post" having been carried out, your Winter laying houses will be vacant and, seeing that you cannot put clean little pullets into dirty old houses, here's where an Autumn "Spring" clean comes in. The first thing you do is to take everything out of the house—litter, dropping boards, nest boxes, perches, dust baths, hoppers and founts. Brush down the walls, starting at the corners and using a brush that will go right into all crannies and crevices and finishing with the flat surfaces such as the walls. Corners where battens meet will want cleaning out with a scraper, brushing is not enough. On the floor you are bound to find some patches of hard matter that can be moved only by using a garden spade. You may also be surprised to see a rat hole gnawed right through the wooden floor, and which you did not notice before because of the litter hiding it. The hole should be covered with a piece of galvanized sheet iron, overlapping at least two inches. It is also a common occurrence for the floor to shrink away from the sides of the house and leave long slits. These are very dangerous to the health of the birds and you may be sure they will not close up in Winter. The cure is nail slate laths along the crevices

A Stay-On Limewash

LIMEWASHING is the next performance, and for speed and evenness in application of the wash, you should use a hand sprayer. The new stay-on disinfectant limewash is: Half a bushel of ground quicklime, hot water to a depth of six inches. Stir well, and then add two pounds of zinc sulphate and two pounds of common salt, which have previously been dissolved in hot water. When all these have been dissolved, strain twice through a piece of butter muslin or fine wire netting and then add the proper proportions of the disinfectant you propose to use and stir frequently when using, this latter is essential. Start at the ceiling first, then do the walls, and lastly the floor. Dropping boards, perches and all wooden hoppers and fitments should receive a liberal coating of limewash. Perch ends and perch sockets, trap nests, slides, hopper crevices and platform bottoms should be paraffined against red mite. Nest boxes should be cleaned right out and creosoted, not limewashed, inside. The new way finds it best to use creosote, because (1) it is a better destroyer of insect pests than limewash, and (2) the nest box is thereby made darker. Fowls love dark nest boxes, you know. Do not limewash the hoppers inside, but wash them out with a hot, strong disinfectant solution. All fitments are then put back into place, the floor relittered with nine inches of whole straw, six inches of bracken or four inches of chaff. Nest boxes have whole bruised straw put in them and dropping boards have a thin layer of earth, fine sand or the sifted cinders—this to prevent the new droppings from sticking. Glass must be renewed where necessary and cracks sealed either by pasting brown paper inside, by tacking felt outside, or, if the cracks are few and far between, by nailing plaster laths along them. The roof, needless to say, must be made absolutely waterproof.

There Must Be Light

LIGHT is the first consideration in order that the birds can see to scratch as long as possible, and in order further to promote this very important exercise, you should have a portion at least of your windows low down, i.e., ten inches from the floor level. The remainder of the windows can be high up to light the house generally—another reason, this by the way, why we advocate limewashing and not creosoting of interiors

The type of house you use and its perfections or imperfections plays a great part in the Winter egg production, and if you see your way clear to improving upon the building you have already got, you may be certain of ample repayment in the increased yield of eggs. A bone dry floor is the next essential because it is vital that the litter is kept dry, loose, light, clean and easily moved. If it is made of wood, it must be raised at least six inches from the ground, if of earth or cinders, the inside must be "made up" so as to be at least six inches higher than the outside. The whole house must be so protected that no driving rain can get in anywhere, and in order that the interior shall be quite dry under all conditions, storm boards, i.e., sloping boards fitted above all wire netting "windows" should be the order of the day. In this house there must be no overcrowding. Allow at least three square feet of floor space per bird, and if you can possibly allow four square feet per bird there will be less cleaning out; but a crowd must not be permitted, and if you have too many pullets you must sell the extras or buy more houses. The pullets, if of old bred-to-lay strain, will sell well now. Water founts and shell and mash hoppers will be required for the inside of the house, for our way does not allow fowls to go outside in wintery weather. These fitments should be hung on the wall twenty-four inches from the floor and platforms fitted up round them so that several fowls may use them at the same time in comfort. Nest boxes, if inside, must be raised from the floor on legs or valuable scratching space will be lost and fewer birds accommodated. Dropping boards should be fitted nine inches below the perches to keep the litter clean.

Beauty as Summer Fades

THE little wild fruits—rowanberry, hip and haw—gradually changing from green to red as their seeds ripen, are among the earliest signs of the passing of a glorious Summer season. The garry oak looks somber in its mantle of dark green leaves, which glisten in the sun as they quiver upon their stems when branches are gently swayed and tossed by late August breezes. In uncultivated spots pale mauve aster, or Michaelmas daisy, has appeared, with nicknames of frost flower and starwort, perhaps to tell us that as well as being bright and beautiful, it will enjoy chilly days, if they come. Wild goldenrod has been carried to England to adorn her gardens and with Gaillardia of the West has traveled far and wide to tell of the beauty of their Canadian homes. All these wild things may be found in Victoria gardens and like the sunflower, belong to the great Composite family; so it is natural that chrysanthemum from Asia and Europe, with dahlia from Mexico, should flourish amid our cultivated wild things as they also belong to the Composite family, and in their own countries were wild flowers.

Dahlia of all these wild Composite flowers is the only one that cannot withstand frost and thaw, the tubers have been known to live through a Victoria Winter, but the whole plant is apt to deteriorate from such casual treatment. Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, from Mexico the dahlia was introduced into Europe by, and named after, Dr. Dahl, a botanist of Sweden; a few years later the Countess of Bute introduced the plant into England. Great interest was aroused upon its arrival, more years passed, and not until 1802, in France, and two years later in England, was keen interest taken in its cultivation; and so it presently returned to America bearing a new name and changed from a simple flower of the Mexican mountains to one of brilliant beauty and grace, by the fairy wand of Europe. Both its disk and ray flowers were being wonderfully developed and from about 1879 the plant became a well-known favorite, since then amateur and professional gardeners have developed new varieties in form and coloring in every country where gardens exist.

From the original rather flat flower, found at an altitude of 5,000 feet, in sandy tracts of the Mexican mountains, the formal rounded flower of tightly curved petals was among the earliest developments, later the cactus dahlia appeared, the peony flowered, some stately tree-like plants, seven to eight feet in height, and the shrubby, low-growing pompons.

The wild sea dahlia is found upon the Coronado Islands of Mexico and upon the nearby sea-cliffs of San Diego; there are a few species in Central America which apparently are of no great importance. So it is to Mexico our gardens owe this touch of vivid beauty. Of about six cultivated species, only one, Variabilis, with its apparent sub-species Juarezii, is of wide importance, producing the cactus and many single varieties, from Juarezii alone arises a beautiful race of pointed, starry flowers.

From careful selection of seed, from cuttings and from the tuberous root by slightly similar methods as used in obtaining improved varieties of potatoes, the tremendous accumulation of highly developed flowers in glorious colorings and form have arisen. Climate, moisture, soil and variable seasons have a great influence upon the dahlia.

For instance, in the hot climate of the West Indies, the "butterfly variety" propograted by tubers, produced in its second year, plants bearing double and single red flowers, self colored flowers were produced on the same plant as red streaked with white, sometimes two different kinds of self colored flowers appeared upon the single plant. Similar behavior has occurred in plants wherever cultivated and from these adventurous sports which usually take two or more generations before becoming established, new and distinct varieties arise.

Formerly the blooming season of the dahlia was September and October, now it is from June until frost. The gay colors of the dahlias are characteristically reproduced in Mexican pottery and textiles and may be seen in the decorative paint upon Mexican houses.